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IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

ROCKWELL KENT

GOD IS OUR REFUGE

April

1941

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A Magazine of the Methodist
Student Movement

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This Month

• APRIL, 1941 •

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Rockwell Kent

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EASTER for all of us this year should be a time of taking stock. If we are Christians, we must go back to fundamentals this spring to believe the winter that is here surely cannot last, and that the good earth will bring forth again as it has done for ages past. This spring we need perspective to see beyond the present deadness, to see the future green leaves still incased within dead boughs.

Jesus must have had this fundamental faith to withstand the ordeal of crucifixion. He must have seen beyond the agony of the moment. He must have known even as he hung upon the cross that a resurrection morning was ahead. Unless he did, he could not have said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He did not abdicate in practice to the detriment of the principle within.

So, too, we must have faith in the fundamental value in human beings even when belief seems absolutely futile. We must not succumb to the crisis. We must not put away our belief, we must resurrect it. This year instead of shelving fundamental Christian ethics until the present crisis is long past, we must release them. Now is the time for the Christian to revive, not kill Christianity. Too long our intention of making real our religion has lain in the tomb of our little, puny faith. Now only belief, courage, strength, will give it body to rise up again and be strong.

Abiding and continuing faith, too, must undergird the refugee who comes to these our shores. If he sees only the immediate tragedy in the situation today, he will despair. This is his crucifixion. But surely if he lives for some greater opportunity to serve mankind, and sees beyond the present catastrophe, as surely as the world goes on, he will find a resurrection in the future in America. It is with this larger faith that we receive him, and with this continuing belief that we ask him to have courage and fortitude in the midst of tribulation.

In a lesser way, and yet as fundamentally, the student must have faith these days. In the frustration of interrupted lives, and routines broken for destructive interims, the future may not seem too bright. College is a temporary experience at best. Glibly we assume it is a preparation for a larger life when escape from academic walls has been achieved. The student now and in the future must believe in life in larger patterns. From him, if he is realistic, this is a crisis, yet in the larger picture of his life he must not put away his concepts and beliefs. Now is the time to bring these out. When crisis comes, Christianity should come to be the real and certain guide. As in the crisis caused by war, some would put away their Christian ways and say to all the world they are not sure. For students to do this is suicide. At least in youth, let's have the faith that in emergency our Christian faith and works are valid. Let's risk our very lives that this is so.

This, then, will be the larger view—the view that sees beyond the winter cross of tragedy into awakening spring. This is the message for Easter, 1941.

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Privilege and Duty

Walter Gruen writes:

I was born on June 27, 1920, in Frankfurt-on-Main in Germany. When I was 7 years old, I entered a preparatory school which I left after the compulsory 4 years, in order to enrol in a Gymnasium or High School. After the revolution in 1933, conditions became worse, especially for us Jews, and my family began preparations for emigration. I stayed 5 years in that school (a 9 years' course normally) and then, in 1936, entered a Quaker boarding school in the north-west of England. I graduated after one year, and, with a desire to study medicine, I entered a small college in Yorkshire to prepare myself for the first medical examination in science at London University. I passed this exam after one year, in 1938, and was then accepted in the Medical School of the University of London. In the meanwhile my mother had gone to America. She wanted me to join her and I left England. I arrived in the United States in December, 1938, entered the University of California at Los Angeles in February, 1939, and hope to enrol in the Berkeley Medical School of the University of California next August.

For the past two years the Methodist Student Movement of the former Methodist Church, South, has contributed part of the offerings given at Good Friday worship and fast services to a scholarship fund for refugee students in this country. This year throughout the country Methodist college students will donate offerings from pre-Easter services (a suggested "Worship in Blackout" appears elsewhere in this magazine) to augment this fund and to aid distressed students in other lands. This nation-wide participation was endorsed last summer by the four regional student conferences.

Three refugee students now studying in this country are being aided by the M.S.M. refugee fund. They are Roberta Schoenland and Renée Wasoff, both at Greensboro College, Greensboro, N. C., and Alexander George Meyer, enrolled at Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va. Meyer arrived at Randolph-Macon College in March, having left Germany four months before with his family.

Walter Gruen

IF there was a word in Europe that excited vivid imaginary pictures and chased thrills of adventure down the spines of us youngsters, it was the word "America." For us it had more meaning than a jagged outline on the map; for us it was a land of film stars and gold, millionaires and gangsters, beautiful women and headlines and many other strange things. Nobody knew what America was really like, what it stood for in the world, and what it contained. Our only source of information was cheap Western stories that pictured America as a wild backward jungle with queer inhabitants who lived on steak and indulged in divorce scandals and lynchings.

With this frame of mind I embarked for America two years ago. When I look back on this eventful time, I must admit that I was able to verify some of these facts, but at the same time I found that I could integrate these excusable idiosyncracies as special characteristics of a people that I have learned to love and to respect for their achievements. Yes, there is something basically different in America that has impressed me deeply and produced a desire to become like it.

The first thing that struck me as strange on my first day in America was a certain freedom in the way of life. The Americans have thrown off the deadly and enfeebling shackles of tradition which have, in Europe, hampered the free expression of the basic human drives and desires. Here man has recognized that artificially imposed restrictions interfere with comfort, speed and freedom, and has abandoned the restraining traditional customs. The birth of individuality is the reason why women are more themselves on the streets, why they put on more comfortable clothes, why youthful pranks find unlimited expression in football games and recreation halls, and why young people are more red-blooded in the pursuit of their desires.

It was a great discovery for me because I saw the progress due to the fuller enjoyment of life. No old-fashioned rules confine the individual within a strict social pattern of conventions preventing personal development; no outmoded sex ethics restrain the individual. Instead a frankness prevails over the most controversial subjects which, in turn, stimulates greater desire for knowledge and thinking on one's own without having another person in authority to do the thinking for you.

America opened my eyes to reality which was very painful, as I had been educated in an artificial security of ideals remote from actual conditions. The great asset of American education is the aim of instructing students how to deal with actual problems and not how to evade problems by pulling a silver cloak of ideals around them.

Today I feel one of you, because I have adjusted to the American scene, because I love the people here, and because I feel obliged to work with them for creating even more freedom for all the people in America. I am very grateful that I can do so, because I consider it a great privilege to live in a country such as this. Today, after two years of America, I consider myself already so much a part of this life that I am reluctant to draw any comparisons. I wish to forget Europe and only see America and work in it and for

it. I want to be one of you with the desire to work with you. In this spirit I feel free to criticize aspects of American life, not with the aim of comparing it with European life, but as a potential American citizen for the good of America.

In spite of the fact that this country has comparatively the greatest freedom of any nation in the world, we are still harboring many prejudices which need eradicating. I feel that we, especially as students, can help to bring about better understanding between the black and the white people and between the different religions. There are deplorable racial discriminations still existing against Negroes, Mexicans, Jews, etc., even on our own campuses. These are incompatible with freedom and co-operation, and might, if we are not careful, destroy our liberties, as has happened in the country of my birth, Germany. I have seen and felt the terrible symptoms of fascism and, like the burned child, never want to see them again. That is why I want to work to assure the continuance of the ideals of freedom and equality which are the only guarantees against oppression.

And this is why I want to include myself with Americans in order to help create a democracy as laid down in the Bill of Rights. First of all we must keep this nation at peace, and then we can crusade for more co-operation and friendliness, to make this country a place for everyone to live in. We students can do much by participating in the democratic processes and by stimulating the desire for reform. I realize that my evaluation of the progressive ideas in America is not a sign to sit back contentedly and to pat ourselves on our backs. It contains a challenge to improve even more, because we have the capacities to do so. And, maybe one day we can show the older countries how to do it.

Common Ground

Barbara Gerstenberg

AMERICA had always seemed the most ideal country to live in and yet, when I left Europe at the eve of a disastrous war, I felt only sorrow for having to leave Europe. My anticipation of what lay ahead of me was not very great. I left nothing stable behind—nothing but persecution, oppression, and decay. I hoped to find peace and security in the United States.

During my first months at college, however, I was left with confusion and disappointment. The freedom I had hoped for turned out to be an over-exaggerated individualism which seemed to result in an attitude of laissez-faire. I realized, however, that the American girl had had nothing to fight for, nothing to stand up for; her way of life had probably never been severely challenged. Her life consisted more of rights than of duties, and my Prussian up-bringing did not seem to be able to swallow this. But it has always been one of the great tasks to which I have set myself to find "common ground" on which to build understanding between myself and the person who differs from me in certain aspects. So I had this task ahead of me—adjusting myself to a different philosophy of life, keeping that which seemed worth while and valuable of my own way of life and yet having an open

While in Germany Meyer attended the Friedrich Wilhelm Gymnasium (roughly comparable to the American high school) of the State in Berlin. At Randolph-Macon he is an honor student, has been elected a member of the Walter Hines Page International Relations Club, and has become a reporter on the student newspaper.

Twenty-year-old Renée Wasoff spent her early childhood in a typical small Polish town, five miles from the East Prussian frontier. "This early closeness to the political and economic frontier problems," she writes, "as well as the public tense awareness of their importance to the young, resurrected Poland, influenced greatly my course of studies and interests in later life." In "gimnazium," at the Lyceum in Warsaw, and in courses which she took at the University of Warsaw, her particular interest was history and political science.

Forced to leave Poland because of the approaching crisis, Miss Wasoff came to New York and applied for a scholarship from the International Students' Service. She received one from Greensboro, which she entered in September, 1939. She hopes to receive her B.A. in June, then do postgraduate work in the field of political science and engage in some creative work in international relations.

Roberta Schoenland was born in 1917 in Berlin, where her father owned a factory. She attended a private grammar school for four years, and after that a gymnasium where—after nine years' studies—she "made her baccalaureate" in 1936. Due to Hitler's anti-Semitic decrees, she could not study at any university, so she became a secretary in her father's office.

Miss Schoenland left Berlin in the fall of 1938 and stayed in New Jersey for several months doing social work. Then in 1939 she received a scholarship at Greensboro College where she is majoring in political science.

Last summer Mr. S. escaped from Warsaw, Poland, after days of terror, and made his way to the United States. In Poland, he had been a manufacturer and the agent of large engineering firms. Fleeing before the terrors of invasion, he, with his wife and daughter, considered themselves fortunate to escape with their lives and a few dollars.

Because he was a long-time Methodist, Mr. S. came to Bishop Welch of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, hoping to find employment in this country. Mr. S's father was a naturalized American, so S. himself has American citizenship.

Bishop Welch and the members of the Relief Committee began searching for a suitable job for Mr. S., expecting that within a few weeks he might find a happy

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location in this country. Weeks passed into months. Fall and winter passed, and Mr. S. has had the discouraging experience of applying at scores of companies without success.

His engineering experience is varied and fits him for a position of responsibility with manufacturing firms. His references are of the best. He speaks English and is adaptable. From every angle he is the type of refugee who would make a valuable contribution to American life.

Yet, his face is haggard and drawn as month after month he and his friends have been unable to find any satisfactory work. Is his very slight accent against him? Are manufacturing companies afraid of employees with a foreign background? Is there no work for a willing, trained man with engineering experience? What welcome has America to extend to this victim of aggression?

—Floyd Shacklock, American Committee for Christian Refugees.

American consular officials, acting upon orders from headquarters, are still scuttling attempts to revive the American tradition of welcome for the persecuted.

In 1933 began the great waves of refugee migrations which have flowed in steadily increasing floods from one country after another engulfed by various brands of persecution. In comparison to the open-armed reception accorded European refugees of reactionary persecution in 1848, the refugees of the last nine years have found the quota system limiting their numbers to a small fraction of the thousands seeking admission. Understandable precautions against unfair labor competition and the danger of immigrants' becoming public charges were magnified into requirements of financial backing which only a few could meet. But although thousands of would-be immigrants had to wait two, three, and more years for their quota number to come up, a few thousand did manage to hurdle the obstacles and reach America.

The war changed the comparative leniency of this system into a deliberate act of exclusion. Visitors' visas, which had offered one loophole for the hardest-pressed, were almost completely cut off, and the barriers to obtaining quota visas were raised even higher than before. Lack of documents was frequently used as an excuse for barring otherwise qualified immigrants who had been forced to flee illegally or could no longer procure passports from hostile governments. Nevertheless, a thin stream of immigrants did continue to trickle in until the disastrous events of the spring, when the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Belgium, and finally France suddenly spewed forth their millions of refugees, fleeing before the German military machine. It might have been a moment for quick and effective

mind for the other point of view. Methods of studying, boys' and girls' relationships, the taste for popular books, ways of spending leisure time, friendships—everything was different, and gradually the differences seemed to diminish, because there were enough likenesses.

Especially my ideas concerning religion were confronted with a perfectly strange and foreign point of view. Orthodoxy, fundamentalism, and conservatism had been my religious training, and in the last years I was influenced by the new trends of continental theology. The liberal Protestantism of religion on a college campus left me at a loss. Even denominationalism as such has as yet not found much understanding in my mind, because it is so foreign to my thinking. It seems to me just another extreme evidence of individualism.

As I mentioned before, I like to look for the common ground and to make a constructive use of things I share with others. While still in Germany, deprived of practically every right and privilege, I found friendship and understanding in the community of my church. Later, in England and the United States, in spite of differences of religious background, it never seemed difficult to find a welcome among Christians, which has made me aware of the beauty of Christian fellowship. I have heard the argument used that there is no Christianity, but only Christianities, which I would like to disprove. Whatever our theoretical and theological interpretation of the figure of Jesus may be, and however varied our methods and ways of reaching him are, we share his name, and the place which he occupies is the center for all Christians alike.

One of the most beautiful experiences I have ever had, happened during my first service at an English church. I knew practically no English and the service meant nothing to me. I could not follow the Scripture, nor the sermon, nor the prayers—yet there was one moment when I completely forgot that the service was being held in a foreign language. I noticed suddenly during the prayers, that the whole congregation was rhythmically saying something in unity, and I realized that it was the Lord's Prayer. While I was saying it to myself in my own language, I knew that the woman on my right and the girl on my left were saying the same thing and praying in the same manner, "Our Father," and at that particular moment I had a vision of the greatness of the universality of Christianity.

I remember once when I was on a small boat in a terrific storm, one sentence which recurred to my mind continuously while the boat was rocking and rocking. I wanted something to hold on to, something firm and stable in this helplessness of being swayed and shattered. Today I have a very similar sensation—around me is a sea in uproar. A process of falling apart is going on—conceptions, beliefs, traditions which for long have been taken for granted are undergoing changes. We are on a swaying ground and we are in need of something to hold on to. Among the many things which are dear

Barbara Gerstenberg writes:

I was born in Berlin, Germany, in 1921. Until 1933, when Hitler came to power, my father held a prominent position, which enabled us to enjoy many privileges. Being "non-Aryan" Christians, we had to leave Germany. My family went to the United States, while I went to school in England for two years from 1936-38. After having passed my Cambridge matriculation at the time of the Munich crisis, I came to the United States and am now a senior at Mount Holyoke College. While in Germany I was a member of the Confessional Church of Martin Niemöller and witnessed a great deal of its persecutions. My extra-curricular activities consist mainly of Interfaith work and work in the Church Commission of the New England Student Christian Movement.

and valuable to me, the only thing I seem to be able to take hold of is my Christian faith. Not my own individual faith, but the knowledge that I am one of many Christians and that there is a bond of fellowship uniting us. This knowledge is not merely a passive fact, but it has an inherent dynamic force. It is the ground on which to build. Knowing this, we have to supply the building stones.

When we look back over centuries past, we find that most of the contributions which an epoch has made are either in the form of art, or of abstract thinking; beauty and ideas have survived change and challenge. I have the hope and confidence that the Christian church is one of these enduring and surviving contributions to mankind. The Church is not only universal, but is also victorious, because it is the manifestation of the glory of Jesus. Since I am a part of this Church I have to work for it by giving myself for what it stands. One of the things it stands for, is love among men and fellowship. I am no pacifist, but my hope for peace is based on this belief in the Church. Therefore may all Christians be aware of this, their common ground.

And Ye Took Me In Refugee Problems and Social Agencies

Marjorie Coleman Baker

A father wired to his family in an Eastern city, "I have a job. Come." That announcement can convey only an inkling of the joy and relief it held for the father and for his wife and two small children who were waiting anxiously for news that meant they were again to have a home and security. From that message it would be hard to tell whether this father was a refugee from war-torn Europe or a native-born American long in search of a job. And for that matter, there is a difference only in degree. A father seeing at last the chance to give his family a home feels very much the same whoever or wherever he is.

This particular father was a refugee. In Europe he had been a successful businessman and had a pleasant, comfortable home. Arriving in New York with only the luggage they were carrying, the family had been taken in by relatives who were unable to offer any more than temporary shelter. At first this father despaired of finding a job in New York where refugees are so numerous, and yet feared the difficulties of fitting into a smaller community where prejudices are stronger and anti-German feeling increasing. He went at last to one of the organized committees for aiding the refugees and found the help there that he needed. Through their resettlement program he was put in touch with a resettlement committee in a middle-western community. The committee arranged to help him find a job there and paved the way for his arrival, interpreting his needs to the community, securing the job and a home for this father and his family.

All refugee fathers do not find jobs. Some, so shaken and distraught by the harrowing experiences they have gone through, and so crushed by the tremendous burden of readjustment, are too discouraged and anxious to be able to plan for themselves or to handle a job once one is found. These fathers need to be helped too, but in a different way, by a patient, skillful kind of guidance, before reaching a point where they can say to their families, "I have a job."

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action, a last-ditch effort to save the valuable potential contributions of these people. Instead, in June, 1940, orders went out from the Department of State to the American consuls, telling them to grant as few visas as possible, no matter what the circumstances.

There was an immediate shutdown. The degree of completeness varied with the individual consuls, but in the end only a pitifully few men and women received visas during the seething summer of 1940. . . .

The only real break in the jam has been the special arrangement in effect since the end of July by which certain "political and intellectual refugees in imminent danger" in southern France, Portugal, Spain and French North Africa, and some in Sweden and Switzerland are admitted on emergency visas, mostly visitors' visas. . . . In all, some 2,000 names have been cabled under the program including a large group submitted by the American Federation of Labor. The bulk of the names have gone through the President's Advisory Committee on Political Refugees which has done a monumental job with patience and devotion in the face of bitter criticism. . . .

One bright spot in the picture is the commendably liberal and humanitarian spirit guiding the Department of Justice in its administration of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. . . . The smooth administration of the Alien Registration is an excellent example of the new spirit, and it is reported that the Department is planning to handle the huge problem presented by the many registrants who have had to disclose illegal entry—some of them many years ago—in a sympathetic and humanitarian manner. . . .

—Nofrontier News Service, February 11, 1941.

As part of the service extended to refugees by the American Friends Service Committee, a program has been developed which makes available a number of opportunities for refugee scholars, teachers and students. Most of those served so far have come from Austria, Poland, Germany or Czechoslovakia, but recently the list of countries represented has been enlarged and includes Hungary, Italy, Spain, France and Belgium. The main emphasis of the service is on helping these people become acquainted with American life and American educational institutions, and providing contacts and experiences which will help prepare them to continue in the academic field in this country. Through individual interviews or through correspondence, counsel is given as to the American educational system, methods of finding openings, probable transferability of European training

and experience, need for additional American training, and a thousand and one questions of adjustment to the American scene. Often the opportunities secured for the applicants lead directly or indirectly to actual placements, although no definite hope of such placement can be held out in advance in any individual cases.

[Possibilities include, in educational institutions, undergraduate or graduate study (some scholarships and fellowships are available), "internships," and staff appointments. "Group projects for retraining" include short institutes; the Friends University Center at New Haven, Conn.; the American Seminar for Foreign Scholars at Wolfeboro, N. H.; the Co-operative College Work Shop, Haverford, Pa., and the Co-operative Arts Work Shop, New York City; various study work camps and community colleges; and the Quaker hostels at West Branch, Iowa, and Richmond, Indiana.]

—American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia.

When the next semester begins, a Lithuanian refugee student will be enrolled here as a freshman. She will come here at the invitation of the student body as voiced by a scholarship offered her by the Religious Workers' council, which has been raising money for her expenses for quite some time. The funds for her semester's work have been contributed and pledged by various organizations on campus and in that way the endeavor has become campus-wide. . . .

These refugees who come to America to regain the right to live bring with them much that we as Americans must not let them lose. . . . They have much to offer, and we have much to gain by accepting them in our midst. . . .

—Editorial in *The Flambeau*, Florida State College for Women.

Statistics show that for every dollar which the average American gave for war relief last year he spent:

- \$71 for alcoholic beverages;
- \$35 for cigarettes and other forms of tobacco;
- \$31 for theaters;
- \$18 for confectionery and ice cream;
- \$11 for soft drinks.

—The Golden Rule Foundation.

Out of the conflagration that is Europe, and into the peaceful understanding tranquillity that is Evanston is woven a beautiful and a meaningful true story.

The setting is Czechoslovakia; the time, the German occupation of the Sudeten area in which Kurt Sabaryk lived. Because he realized that it would be next to impossible in this hostile environment to attain the goals he had set for him-

As the refugee problem has become more pressing, social work agencies have found their services more in demand and have felt the need for extending them in many directions. Although basically refugees and their families are no different from the families social agencies have always been serving, there are distinct problems peculiar to the refugee group which require special services. There is the matter of citizenship, for instance. Refugees are not eligible for any form of public assistance until five years after entry. So financial help has to be made available by the private agencies. The concentration of the greater proportion of the refugees on the eastern seaboard has necessitated the resettlement program. The restrictions on professional practice set up in nearly every state force many doctors and lawyers to abandon their life work and retrain themselves for other fields. Opportunities for this must be provided. All of these factors present difficulties in areas where social work can be of help.

Above all, refugees are human beings and as such have hopes and fears, anxieties, discouragements, and their own individual reactions to their experiences. This means that work with the refugees must adhere to the standards of individualized service that have characterized the techniques of social case work which aims to help each individual work out his own adjustment in relation to his particular needs.

Although whole new organizations have come into being to meet the needs of the refugees, it has been a credit to the social work profession as a whole that much of the work, created in the stress of emergency, has been geared to these standards. In most instances trained workers and supervisors have made up the staffs of the agencies, often being loaned for the purpose from one of the regularly functioning agencies of the community. It is noteworthy that in spite of the serious financial handicaps under which the refugee committees work, in spite of the easy availability of willing volunteers (who can and do, of course, give much useful and devoted service), the persons responsible for establishing and directing policy have been largely experienced, trained social workers.

When one realizes the delicate emotional balance of so many of these visitors who have almost reached the ragged edge before finally arriving here, war-weary and exhausted from flight, it is strikingly clear how essential is the skilled, patient guidance of the social worker and how easily disastrous could be the hasty, abrupt, undifferentiated herding techniques that can so quickly develop in the handling of an emergency.

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR CHRISTIAN REFUGEES

Probably the largest of these organizations, outside of the Jewish group, and the one which helped that first father to find his job, is the *American Committee for Christian Refugees*. It has offered a very complete service, basically a case work one to individuals and families, with supplementary retraining, resettling, and housing programs, all of which are geared to a careful study of each applicant's needs. Until recently when cash relief funds became more limited and other arrangements had to be made, maintenance was provided for many families with no other means of support.

Although a supplementary service and only a part of the whole individualized treatment plan, the "hostess" project offers a vivid demonstration of the skillful handling the committee has given to the entire problem. This project is a scheme worked out for the temporary housing of refugees, usually single, in the homes of sympathetic and interested Americans who volunteered to take a "guest." However, almost the entire caseload of the committee consists of professional people, refugees who in their own countries have been the "volunteers" themselves, supporters of charitable enterprises, and the reversal of roles is not easy.

It may be more blessed to give than to receive but in many instances it is also easier to give than receive. The "hostesses," many of them, as we all do, felt a warming sense of righteousness at having opened their homes, and, although perhaps not recognizing it themselves, wanted and expected a show of gratitude from the recipients of these favors. It is an old story to social

workers who have come up through the "lady bountiful" era and who even now still have to contend occasionally with the wealthy matron who wants to deliver a Christmas basket in person to a poor family "so my little girl can see how fortunate she is!" No one wants to or can deny the genuineness of these offers of hospitality and the real need for them, and some refugees, less disturbed by their experiences and more secure in their readjustment, can accept easily and respond to any indication that a show of gratitude is expected. Not that they all don't feel deep relief at being helped through a trying period, but by the very fact of its being a trying period their emotional stability is shaken, their security undermined. Many of them, for instance, cannot feel like a "guest" and need the assurance that they can give something in return for the hospitality they are receiving. The committee, recognizing that one refugee felt this especially strongly, arranged to have him invited to the home of a family which was eager for and keenly appreciative of the cultural differences in its own and the guest's backgrounds and the value of the influence of this other culture in the home.

A major part of the task of the committee workers in this project has been the handling of this delicate balance between the hostess as the giver and the refugee as the receiver, having to be careful on the one hand not to offend the hostess whose offer is so thoroughly appreciated, yet on the other to respect the feelings of the refugee and to offer him security.

AMERICAN PREJUDICE

Unfortunately and even tragically, all the skill the case workers can produce has not been able to spare the refugees some of the deepest hurts and most damaging experiences that have come to them in this country. One of the greatest difficulties facing a refugee here is the barrier set up by a prejudiced, narrow and often cruel portion of the American public that exists in most communities. Forgetting or refusing to face the fact that our Pilgrim Fathers were refugees in the truest sense, and that America has developed because of the force and energy of individuals who dared oppose tyranny, many communities have sometimes unthinkingly and sometimes deliberately made life so unbearable for refugee families that they have had to move on. With a natural suspicion of anything or anyone "different" (foreign), they have shunned the newcomers, closed the door to employment possibilities and to participation in community activities; in general, have practiced the same intolerance from which these people originally fled and which we freely condemn on the other side of the Atlantic but refuse to challenge in ourselves. Social case work skill can help soften some of the effects on the refugees of these rejections, and where possible guide them on to other adjustments. Sometimes it can even prevent the more serious experiences by directing a family likely to suffer severely to one of the communities known to be more tolerant and hospitable to refugees. But against this formidable barrier case work can do little more.

The work of the American Committee for Christian Refugees stands out because of its immensity and scope, but there are numerous smaller agencies giving equally skillful and understanding service to refugees as individuals. There are young people's clubs for the youth with their very special needs for friendships and recreation, their problems out of the conflict between their parents' European standards and the new, often freer, life here; men's and women's residences with the problems of unattached young men and women eager for jobs and chances to start again in the fields for which they have been trained. There is the American Friends Service Committee which can always be counted on to give steady and thorough service to all refugees.

The problems of readjustment are not easy and will continue even after many refugees have become permanently settled in their jobs and their homes. The traumatic effects of being violently uprooted from one's home and associations and planted in a new, strange, and sometimes hostile environment with different customs and language, are not easily overcome. Social work can expect to handle these problems for a long time to come.

self, he decided to go to the land of opportunity—America.

We find this young man next at Northwestern, an enterprising, diligent student, thankful for all that this campus and this country offer him. Kurt, our hero, meets our heroine, Gretel Wolff, at a campus function; Gretel's background presents an interesting contrast to that of our hero. For she is a German girl; not an American citizen, not a refugee, but rather she is an exchange student. Therefore, we might rightfully assume that she is imbued with the Nazi ideals of mistrust, hatred, and embryonic prejudices.

Ordinarily, because of the different beliefs and national identities, they would be inclined to dislike one another intensely with that unreasoning hatred that comes with blind submission to fanaticism.

But the unexpected happens: they become close friends, because they had been taken from their original atmosphere of hate, violence, animosity toward their neighbors, and transplanted to a soil fertile with good will, understanding, and friendship. . . .

Our university has been the scene of this demonstration of the potency of our creed. Let us not submerge these wonderful features of democracy in the rising tide of hatred and intolerance from which Kurt fled. Let us rather demonstrate their value by practicing them, that we may set an example for our fellow youth on other campuses throughout the nation. . . .

—Editorial in *The Daily Northwestern*.

A young Jewish refugee who had just arrived in our city asked me to drive him out to look at an apartment he had seen advertised in the newspaper. On the way he told me of his great joy at being in America, "where it is not a crime to have been born a Jew." His happiness was contagious; he simply bubbled with joy at being in a country where he was not a Jew, but a man. When we arrived at the apartment house whose advertisement we were answering, we found a small sign at the entrance. . . . "GENTILES ONLY."

—John F. Matthews.

We of the United States are:

One-third of a million, Indian
One-third of a million, Oriental, Filipino, and Mexican
60 million, Anglo-Saxon; 10 million, Irish
15 million, Teutonic; 9 million, Slavic
5 million, Italian; 4 million, Scandinavian
2 million, French; 13 million, Negro
1 million each, Finn, Lithuanian, Greek

In addition we are:

2 million, Anglican Episcopalian

40 million, Evangelical Protestant

1 million, Greek Catholic

4½ million, Jew

Two-thirds of a million, Mormon

One-tenth of a million, Quaker

22 million, Roman Catholic

One-half million, Christian Scientist

—Everett R. Clinchy, *Education and Human Relations*, Personal Growth Leaflet No. 149, National Education Association.

Dorothy Thompson lists as elements in the New World composition: The deathless attachment to freedom which is the glory of the British; the classic humanism which is the dignity of the French; the penetrating imagination of the Slavs; the robust poetry of the Irish; the diligent, meticulous orderliness of the German; the furious love of justice which is the mission of the Jew. Let America speak: To the English among us, "Temper your pride"; to the French, "Widen your sympathies"; to the German, "Relax your stubbornness"; to the Slavs, "Realize your dreams"; to the Irish, "Forget past wrongs"; to the Jew, "Abandon your fears, which are so easily transformed into arrogance"; to the Negro, "Give us your innocent faith in life and God." To each of us: "Take pride in the sources of your Old World traditions, but identify yourself with America. Keep alive the beautiful, true, and good in your ancient culture, that you may contribute it to the common wealth of America, as an American." —Ibid.

The following church agencies for refugee relief are approved by the Committee on Foreign Relief Appeals in the Churches:

Church Committee for China Relief, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City;

Central Bureau for Relief of the Evangelical Churches in Europe, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City;

American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia;

International Missionary Council, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City;

American Committee for Christian Refugees, Inc., 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City;

War Prisoners' Aid Committee of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A., 347 Madison Avenue, New York City;

Y.W.C.A. World Emergency Fund, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City;

American Bible Society, 450 Park Avenue, New York City;

(Also 18 denominational organizations, including the Methodist Committee on Overseas Relief.)

What American Students Can Do

Robert S. Bilheimer

THE latest information received by the World Student Service Fund from Shanghai and from Geneva indicates that the need of students on both continents continues and indeed is intensified almost to the point of desperation.

In China, the situation is one of deep suffering and real heroism. Consider these figures. Before the war, there were 108 universities. Now 91 of the campuses through bombings or occupation are no longer available for the Chinese. Before the war, there were 40,000 students. Now there are 45,000 students. An actual increase in the total student body in spite of the decrease in physical education facilities! Nor is going to school in China a picnic. It entails immediate danger, for the Japanese military consider education centers legitimate military objectives. It entails active hardship, for it means long treks on foot; frightful over-crowding in dormitories; undernourishment from inadequate food. Books are in the realm of luxury—in one university the only western magazine was a three-year-old "Esquire"!

Money is administered to Chinese students directly and efficiently. In Shanghai, there is a general administrative body, called the National Student Relief Committee, which receives money directly from the W.S.S.F. office in New York. Under the direction of this National Student Relief Committee, other committees are set up in the far-away student concentrations of West China. Each of these local committees, after interviewing hundreds of students each, sends in a budget to the central committee in Shanghai; and after due adjustment is made in the light of the total demand, money is sent to these local committees for relief. It is a tribute to the sacrifice and devotion of the Chinese that these committees operate largely on a voluntary basis, and that overhead is about 5 per cent. The money is used for various purposes. The student population of West China has little access to even the necessities—food, clothing, shelter, tuition, books, paper. These must be supplied, and it is for these purposes that our money largely goes. In a real sense our donations keep a large part of the system of higher education in China going, for it helps to sustain the student personnel and provide the academic necessities.

In Europe, the condition of students is little better. Three million men averaging twenty-three years of age are in prisons of war camps. Thousands of these are students, caught there in the backwash of events, not knowing of the fate of family or friends, not knowing how long they will be there. In addition to the prisoners of war, there are now other thousands of people in the great refugee camps in unoccupied France. Spanish, Czech, Polish, Dutch, Austrian, German students are all jumbled together, and in agonizing conditions. Situated in flimsy huts, with no beds or bedding, no artificial light, no heat, poor food, theirs is a desperate plight.

Nor is the administration of relief less direct and efficient in Europe than in China. In Geneva, most fortunately still neutral and therefore open and safe for the transmission and receipt of money, there is the European Student Relief Fund, formulated jointly by the World's Student Christian Federation, the International Student Service, and Pax Romana, the international Catholic student organization. The Y.M.C.A. has been granted permission to do work among prisoners of war by the belligerent governments, and the European Student Relief Fund is able freely, under the general Y.M.C.A. auspices, to do specific student work. Men who are neutrals go into the prison camps, there to find men who have been students, get them into groups organized for study, ascertain their needs, and supply them with study materials—the costs of all being borne by the money donated for student relief. And the refugees are likewise reached directly. The Geneva Committee is in touch with thousands who, if they had money, could enter again into a university and continue their studies. Specifically, money is needed for tuition and the attendant expenses of education—books, paper, etc. But also, many refugees are in such difficult position that they must have money or starve. Consequently, in Europe—as in China—our money is helping to sustain higher education—by keeping students alive, and by supplying the necessities for study.

Students throughout America are contributing in a real way, through the World Student Service Fund, to the students in China and Europe. Campaigns are now in progress, and they are generous ones. Kansas University reports a goal of \$2,500; Skidmore has raised \$1,000; Pittsburgh, with outstanding organization, is raising \$1,000-\$2,000; Louisiana State is gathering \$1,500. The efforts of all are greatly needed. Communications should be addressed to: World Student Service Fund, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Today Is No Illusion

John F. Matthews



The Portrait (1938)
(Pablo Picasso)
Collection of
Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.,
New York.

THE other afternoon I wandered into an art museum, and discovered that the works of Mr. Pablo Picasso were being exhibited for the inspection of the curious. The curious were numerous, and among the spectators everyone had an opinion.

Death is the only proposition about which there is universal agreement; sooner or later all men come to the same conclusion. Value judgments permit a little more variety, and the judgments on Mr. Picasso's art were many and varied. But among the dicta which were slung about the museum in a most positive manner, one was the subject of many variations.

Bitter young men and bearded aesthetes, kind ladies and dismayed ancients, all agreed in the remarkable conclusion that "this must be the art of the future." The phrase was minted in many mouths, and sent out to circulate among the Grecian figures which hovered resentfully in the corridors (where they had been moved to free the gallery for the usages of Mr. Picasso).

As I left the surprisingly populous halls in which Mr. Picasso was being subjected to ornate criticism, I began to wonder about the clever little combination of syllables with which so many people summarized their opinions. "The art of the future." It was a neat cliché, an easy way to keep from saying anything important.

Suddenly I remembered that I had heard it before. Indeed, I had heard it only a day or two before, as I clambered down from a train in Cincinnati's Union Terminal. An elderly

salesman, who had shared his politics with me for two hundred miles, asked me what I thought of the Terminal Building. "It's the building of the future," he said, without giving me a chance to answer his question. Having thus committed himself to no particular school of thought, he hurried off up the graceful ramp which led to the waiting room.

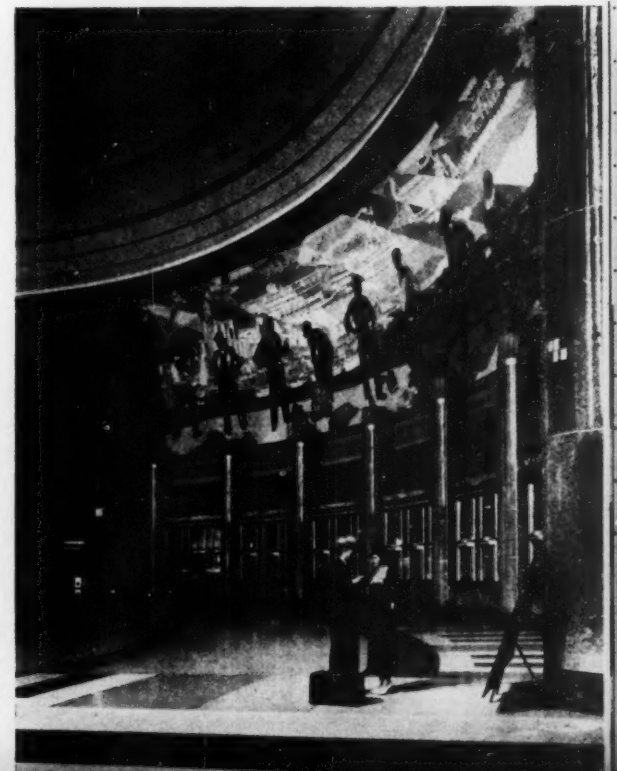
My little commercial traveler had said exactly the same thing about the Terminal Building as these people were saying about Picasso. What did they mean by "of the future"? As far as it concerned Mr. Picasso, there was nothing particularly revealing about saying that his was "the art of the future," but when the same cliché was made to apply to the Terminal Building I had so much admired, something of its real meaning became apparent. In itself it was nonsensical, but it revealed something about us who use the phrase.

Men, though they may alter the old and change that which is out of their past, are usually afraid to designate the present by its true name. The architecture of the Cincinnati Union Terminal is certainly not that of the tradition. The vast, dingy sheds of the past, the smoke-encrusted barns which housed the panting steel stallions, the barren iron and brick and stone monstrosities which were the ugly gates into ugly cities—these were the depots whose function sired the Union Terminal. When they were constructed, these sprawling terminae of travel, such a building as the Union Terminal was beyond possibility. It

might be conceived in the mind, but none could construct it. *This* Terminal was then indeed a building of the future, a dream, a fantasy, a drawing done at home by an architect with a hopeful imagination.

But now the building is built; its magnificent arch has been translated into steel and cement, and its mighty marble-and-art interior has already seen years of coming and going. It stands in its cleanliness and strength, and its efficiency is perhaps even more notable than its beauty. But it seems too good to be true for us; it is so much of what we have desired that we are afraid that it may still be only a dream.

What has been done here is of such an excellence that we are suddenly



The interior of the Cincinnati Union Terminal—Picture Courtesy of Paul Briol, Cincinnati, Ohio.

April, 1941

aware that this is what we ought to do about all that is hideous and detestable in the building of our cities. Having realized a dream in fact, we discover that we have planted a whole new crop of ambition. But the job is so immense, the reconstruction of a world which was made by iron hands in a hurry is so boundless a task, that we take away the reality of our Terminal in order to justify the meanness which surrounds us. "It is a building of the future." This is the summation of our hope and our fear and our evasion.

And this Mr. Picasso. He is hung and considered and judged on the walls of our museums, those charnel houses of the bountiful dead. If you have money you may buy his creations, and if you do not like his pictures you may curse him for a charlatan. Whatever verdict the peerage of time still to come may pronounce upon him, he is certainly among us in a multiplicity of actual productions. His may be bad art or good, but it is rather patently the art of our time.

And yet we deny to Picasso the reality of today because we are afraid of tomorrow; it may turn out that he is only a joke, and we do not wish to appear asses before history, and so we give him away to the future. Now I do not doubt that posterity will be better able to evaluate and understand the results of today's labors. It will be much easier to compose a neat critical monograph on Picasso when all the controversy has slipped into limbo. But simply because it is less difficult to exercise hindsight than eyesight is not good reason to blind one's self to the present. His is the art of our time, not tomorrow; a contemporary fact, not a "things-to-come" fiction.

When we consign the realities of our own time to the future we exhibit evasion and dubious critical sense. We are only admitting that we are afraid of the future when we refuse to accept responsibility for the present. Our little clichés do not characterize buildings and paintings; they only characterize ourselves.

The projects of the past which are the realities of today are the seeds from which will spring whatever future there may be in the arts and the constructions. Somewhere in our midst men are accepting the present, then boldly advancing into the future, building and sketching and coloring dreams with a reality still to come. The rest of us are still engaged in evading the present. For most of us, if the millennium were to arrive tomorrow, would probably spend the rest of eternity deciding whether or not to believe that it had really come.

Let us build the buildings of the future, let us make a new art. Let us plunge into the wonders of the world with science and investigations. There is future enough for all of us; I have no quarrel with the future. But the key to what that future *can be* is already among us. We have shown what manner of things we can do; it remains for us to do more. Let us admit that today is no illusion.

The College in Defense Time

A Part of the World Today

College becomes more and more a vital part of the world today. The youth of America is learning more thoroughly and completely from the practical side of life through his college courses. When the student is ready to step into the professional world he finds himself equipped with technical knowledge and hours of experience by doing.

National defense, the biggest two words around the world today, found its way into college when it was hardly more than a whisper in the nation. Wrapped up in the Civil Aeronautics training program, national defense made its college debut almost a year and a half ago.

Since that time college men who have received CAA training have been entering army and navy flight schools on a much higher standard. Their advancement has been faster and greater than the average and they have been able to earn more money. . . .

The spring training program is open-

Kenneth Irving Brown

IN a world disfigured beyond recognition by the volcanic lava of war, and in our own country where even in peace days the economy and thought processes have already been reorganized about the slogan Defense, what place is there for humanistic education? What do liberal arts mean in defense time? What shall be the special work of the church-related college?

Here is one man's answer.

The American college of liberal arts will do well to face realistically the emergency needs of the nation, and to scrutinize the ways whereby education can effectively and without loss of soul co-operate in meeting these needs. Out of theory must come practice and action.

But that is only half the story. The American college of liberal arts will do well, also, to hold itself keenly and continuously aware of its mission, the mission to search for and to promote high truth. Education seeks to establish in the student a "mindedness" for knowledge, an attitude of fair play and justice. Particularly in the church-related colleges, there is the compelling desire to bring the student to participate intellectually and spiritually in the experience of Christian brotherhood.

War habitually and inevitably brings spiritual astigmatism. The Ultimate is so often lost sight of in the urgency of the Immediate!

Today industry must be geared to defense; trade must be re-organized for defense; the American people must, apparently, be brought more commandingly to think Defense. In this program there is obviously a place for the work of the trade school, the college of engineering, the technical schools. But let not the college of liberal arts think it will be doing the American people a service by converting its campus into a production center, even in limited ways.

To be sure, the college will release its scientists and experts for governmental service; it will part, though with a reluctance that is not unpatriotic, with its students who yield to the compulsion for immediate enlistment; it will at all times serve as a center for discussion of the snarled issues of war and peace—and that intermediary state of defense. But even in days of defense, the function of the American college of liberal arts must be to search for and to promote high truth.

Lest these statements be misunderstood as an effort to corral the campus community of students and instructors within the confines of the ivory tower at a time when the enemy may already be leveling his distant guns at the cupola, let this be added.

Let the college give its wisest thought to interpreting the American heritage of democracy. What is its meaning for the small group, the community, the nation? Is it possible for a campus to become a working demonstration of democracy in action?

Let the college lead its students and faculty to see the implications of the present world conflict not only for our own beloved nation but for the world at large. In times of stress men turn self-protective; and selfishness is made to appear wise. But selfishness itself has implications and consequences dangerous when overlooked. Let the Christian college help young America to see the needs, both immediate and future, of this country, and then let it teach them to raise their eyes to see with understanding the larger needs of a larger world.

Let the college train its students to test the reliability of reports, to sieve official communiques that they may arrive at such impartial and unprejudiced understanding of actuality as is humanly possible. Even when we like the point of view of the propagandist, as educated men and women we must exercise our faculty for criticism.

Let the college lend its support to a program of physical education which shall add to its present emphasis on co-operative play, the emphasis on body-building exercise. In war time, in peace time, in defense time, young America needs strong bodies trained through discipline and hardened through exercise, if it is to carry the nervous burdens of achievement.

Let the college be historically minded, remembering those areas of discontent wherein the present struggle was brewed, remembering also that future struggles may rise from those same causes. Man's memory is short; the injustice of today wipes out the tangle of injustices of yesterday.

Let the college make America mindful that as Americans our goal is not war but peace. Let us build our armaments for defense *against war*; let us not neglect to build our intellectual and spiritual defenses *for peace*. In days like these it may be psychologically necessary for the emphasis to be on Defense and the threat of war. But may not the Christian college and the Christian church speak their reminder that the end of man is peace not war? Arms may bring armistices, but arms alone cannot bring peace. Beating England or Europe to her knees alone will not bring peace. Bleeding England or Europe until there is no more blood to run will not alone bring peace. Peace, lasting, fruitful, peace will come when the peoples of the nations are persuaded that justice is theirs, that neighbors are friends, that to them is given a reasonable basis for present and future security.

Let the Christian college continue to teach the ideal of world brotherhood. As a nation we may decide to compromise that ideal and shoulder arms, but the ideal still stands and beckons.

Let the Christian college point with faith and with hope to the God who is in defense time, even in war time, the Father of all mankind.

ing at Central within a short time and both men and women students have an opportunity to become a part of the world today in a practical, intelligent and modern manner.

—*The Vista*, Central State College, Edmond, Oklahoma.

With the suggestion that all college students should receive military training in four-month vacation doses, President Seymour of Yale has given a concrete basis to the discussion of what the role of colleges in national defense should be. Two things stand out in the proposal. First, President Seymour assumes a permanent emergency and proposes a long-range program to preserve colleges in that emergency. Second, he recognizes that the colleges' contribution to defense cannot be in the form of training, except in the case of technical courses. . . .

The issue before the colleges is thus squarely put by President Seymour's proposal. Either they should accept his grave view of the situation and gear themselves to a permanent program of military training, or they should accept the operation of the draft in the normal course of events and not change their program at all. In any event, a compromise is useless. A superficial course of lectures will aid no one, and merely serves to divert the university's attention from the basic problems of why the war is fought to the mechanical details of how it is fought.

—*Harvard Crimson*.

Through education we still have time to build a democracy fitted to the twentieth century and sturdy enough to endure. Democracy is a process of achieving. . . . Even a successful and peaceable dictator would take away something most precious if that value and its zest were removed. That is why we want freedom—freedom of speech, assembly, and press; that is why we demand equality of opportunity; that is why we cannot continue to have our people—and our students—turn to the government for support and help. . . . Students should find at college an appreciation for all that American democracy means, and should develop the skills and attitudes that make possible the enlargement of the democratic way.

—Dean Forrest H. Kirkpatrick, Bethany College.

A better way of life will not be automatically achieved by the defeat of Hitler. Fascism of the indigenous sort may still be a greater threat than the fascism which assails us from overseas. Our only hope lies in the achievement, under democratic controls, of full employment, efficient economic planning, social justice and genuine equality of opportunity.

—Dr. Goodwin Watson, Columbia University.

Toward a Philosophy for "Man Alive"

From *This Is My Own*, by Rockwell Kent

IT took the depression and its attendant general misery to so affect the hearts of artists as to arrest their vain pursuit of extra-human values and return them to the common sense of simple, heart-felt utterance. Artists, it appeared, could feel. And, feeling—not, as aesthetes do, the pure, denatured, ice-cold physics of phenomena, but as people of just ordinary common human flesh and blood feel life—artists as though reborn began, out of the life around them that they knew and were a part of, out of their knowledge of the immanence of beauty in the world and man and the degradation of it that they saw, out of the joys and sorrows of America as they experienced or perceived them, to paint. That painting was a people's utterance. And that is Art.

Artists were people. As people they would work; they did. And there came to them the proud consciousness of the usefulness of what they wrought, the need of it as men need bread and shoes, houses to live in, books to read, warmth for their bodies and their souls. Workers at last they were. As workers they would organize.

Artists were people. As people they were citizens endowed with both the right and obligation to concern themselves through government with the advancement of those social and political principles to which as people, artists, and humanitarians they held.

Artists love life. It is by virtue of a love of life so deeply felt that it craves utterance that men are artists. And the corollary of the love of life is hate of death. Artists want peace. The opposite of peace is war. Artists hate war.

Artists want freedom, for not only is freedom the premise of that unhampered self-expression which is art, but the foundation of the enjoyment of living, which the love of life implies. They want opportunity to work; they want to share in the good things of life; and they want security. For all these things are requisites to the pursuit of happiness.

And artists are democrats. They are democrats because through their discernment of the values of life they are aware that loveliness, and goodness, and truth, and honor, and the aspirations of the human soul, and the attributes of that soul, exist in Man regardless of Man's color, race, or creed, or wealth or poverty. Artists are democrats because they are believers in the fundamental equality of Man.

"Artists should be active in the movement against war, for artists, of all people in the world, are most concerned with life. It is by virtue of their love of life in all its manifestations, their love of the life-giving sun, of the moon that is so potent in the tides of living organisms, of the stars and the depths of the heavens toward which the living soul projects itself, of spring, summer, autumn, winter, because these are seasons in the life of mankind's world, in the seven ages of man as he observes them in the generations about him, in all living creatures, for they are, in a measure, his kindred. The living world is beautiful to him: therefore he loves it. It is by virtue of their love of life that men are artists.

"It is by virtue of their insight into the phenomena of life, their instinctive understanding of the significance of the phenomena, their instinctive true appraisal of values and proportions, their feeling for the enduring and eternal qualities in life, that some of them achieve what we call immortality. For beneath the veneers of civilization, throughout the never-ending surface changes of custom, manner, and fashion that mankind affects, there are enduring human values; there is a residue which we may say is Man. Of this essential kinship of all human life, of the kinship of the ancients and the moderns, of the Latin and the Nord, of the Jew and the Gentile, of the primitive and the European or American, of the black, red, yellow, and the white, the artist is profoundly aware; his art records the fact. Man needs to be continually reminded of this, to have it printed in books, painted upon walls and canvas, sculptured in stone, sounded in music, put before his eyes, dinned into his ears. To write it, paint it, carve it, play it, din it, is the artist's job." (Quoted from a speech delivered before the First American Artists' Congress, New York, 1936.)

I believe in Peace and, as a clear and never-failing voice for Peace, in Art. . . . But if I were the President and, being that, could still love Peace, I'd subsidize the arts. "Painters," I'd cry, "cut loose and paint. Musicians: blow your brasses, sound your strings. Writers: pour out your hearts in ink. Go to it," I would say, "you articulate, full-hearted lovers of life: paint, write, sing, dance, play, act. Proclaim to all the world: On earth peace, good will toward men."

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What They Say

Rex Naylor

ON campuses the country over, college students are finding the King's English often lacking in sufficient eloquence to express those delicate tints and shades of feeling which only an undergraduate feels. So, with small regard for the finer points of grammar or etiquette, but with an unvarnished straightforwardness that pulls no punches, they are devising a peculiar language of their own—a jargon which certainly makes up in color what it may lack in correctness. Add to this their new and weird set of meanings for a smaller group of ordinarily innocent and conventional English words, and you have an idea of the vocabulary of the campus.

Here are a few of their inventions and unorthodox definitions:

anguish—Course in English.
apex—Top-notch; the very nuts.
assembly—where to go to hear bird concerts, to catch up on your sleep, or to finish your knitting.
bee—Commuter.
bird—Lemon; ickie; a queer one.
blind date—Excellent way for boy and girl to play a dirty trick on one another. (Chance for success: about .035 per cent.)
B. M. O. C.—Big Man On Campus. (Ask the gal who owns one.)
bolt—Mysterious process by which the prof gets mislaid and fails to turn up for class. A plan has yet to be devised whereby 8 A.M. bolts may be discovered ahead of time, so that one's slumber may continue undisturbed.
boot giver—Dean of men.
broken wagon—Ruined romance.
bug-house—Archaic structure in which science is mulled over. (Not to be confused with nut-house or booby-hatch, meaning a lunatic lockup.)
bull session—Practiced by toreadors in Spain. Corrupted by American undergraduates to verbal battles over love, politics, or Einstein's theory.
bun duster—Male who frequents teas.
campused—Unpopular word, signifying the unhappy state of a co-ed who is restricted to the home lot. (She forgot to look at her watch.)
cement mixer—Poor dancer.
chief—Uniformed official who upholds the moral standards of the campus—unless thoroughly bribed.
Chief Itch-and-Rub—Big shot.
cookie—Cracked; slightly off; having bats in the belfry.
cold turkey—If your date mentions this (or any other food), you'd better study Hedy Lamarr's technique a little closer.
conk—Round, pumpkin-like object worn under the hat.
cram—Technical term, descriptive of

the method used by those who learn an eighteen weeks' course in one night.
creepin' Annie—Commuter's train.
cruck—Unattractive person, with no S. A. but probably plenty of B. O.
cut—What you do to classes in the spring; actual process involved in avoiding what you came to college for.
don't feel for it—Bored stiff.
dope—"The Pause That Refreshes." Usually taken from a bottle.
dope shop—College store.
drag—(Self-explanatory; e.g., "Who ya draggin' to the dance tonight?")
drib—Pity the poor goon. He doesn't know what the score is. In fact, he didn't know there was a game.
drop a pearl—Say a mouthful.
fat eye—Shiner; dim lamp. (Will respond to raw beefsteak.)
flicks—Movies.
float—To serve at a tea.
flying coffin—Car belonging to a sophomore who thinks he is a combination of Sir Malcolm Campbell and Wrong-Way Corrigan.
fusser's parlor—House living room, tactfully cleared for a date.
grab-bag—Mailman's pouch.
grind—He who studies. Habitat: library, study hall, or lab. Distinguished by large number of books and a far-away look in the eyes.
grub—(Not a worm.) See grind.
hardware—Small metal display piece, public notice that a fraternity man has passed this way. Private property; no trespassing. All rights reserved; patents pending.
hay jockey—Hick from the sticks.
h. c. h.—High class heel.
horse-tank—Administer educational treatment to naive freshmen who walk out of chapel ahead of sophomores.
hot for it—Crazy about it. In the mood.
how fun—(Interj.) Nice, wot?
independent—Student who doesn't join a fraternity or sorority because he

or she comes from a large family anyway.

jigger—Fag; coffin nail. (Cigarette.)
Joe Blow—The breeze. He gets in your hair.
Joe Dough—Son or nephew of a man with a bank account and a check-book.
Joe Kuk—(Try this on that guy you don't like.)
jolly-up—Opening prom at which unescorted freshmen are offered up for stag inspection.
juking—Dancing—the North American way.
junior lunch—10 A.M. snack.
lulu—Tough course. (Detour to the left.)
making down—Raining rain.
meat wagon—Jallop; flivver. (The miracle is that it can make such a racket and still hold together.)
mousing—Sort of a two-way lip exercise. Undoubtedly the inspiration for that slushy little number entitled "Kiss Me Again."
Mr. Esquire—Walking fashion-plate.
nimble brain—Bonehead.
O. K. Joe—Swell person, m.
O. K. Judy—Swell person, f.
pinning—Over-worked plan of taking a fraternity pin to get notoriety and a man of your own, and to show the girls you're not so slow after all.
pipe—Course that somebody else said was easy.
polish the apple—Vulgar term applied to a glorified practice. Scientific method for promoting harmony between student and professor and, incidentally, for boosting that D to a C.
prerequisite—(You have to take this for the privilege of flunking another course later.)
pretty salty—Mighty fine; top-hole.
rushing—Open season on new students. No holds barred. Officially open when fraternities start serving good food, while the sororities offer pink tea.
S. A.—Sex appeal; oomph; come-hither. (See volume entitled "The Fall of Man, or, He Didn't Have a Chance.")
slack—A dope. (He eats soup with a fork.)
smoogoo—(Heb.: smells good.) Said of someone who rubs you the right way.
smoopoo—(Poet.: smells poor.) Not a compliment.
snake—Take advantage of your best girl friend by trying to steal her best beau. Prerequisite to unpopularity.
super-dog—Spectacular.
take a pad—Get forty winks. (Quiet, please.)
tam hot shot—Wise guy. Thought to be related to J. Blow.
tossing a tomato—(Not the canned variety.) Pitching woo.
yawptologist—Cheerleader.

April, 1941

Dialogue

Between Two Young Men Caught in a Historic Struggle

IN the fall of 1938, two young men took up residence across the corridor from each other in a men's dormitory in New York. They shook hands the first day of their residence, traded names and compared notes. They discovered that they were both sons of clergymen, and both more or less tentatively heading in the same professional direction. As undergraduates they had known leadership in Christian activities, and now as graduates in a professional school in training for the ministry both of them were in dead earnest over the Christian purpose of their lives in a sadly upset world.

Not that the lives of these two young men dripped gloom or sentimental seriousness. Not at all! They could play together. They found posts on the same basketball team, and the infrequent frolics of a graduate student were often spent by them in each other's company. Wrangling over theories, setting up programs, plain gossip—all the phases of student life were shared there on the fifth-floor corridor by these two friends.

Today the bond of affection which unites those two young men is just as deep as ever. No one could say that one or the other has lost his Christian commitment, nor his desire to minister to human need, nor his wish to be bound in fellowship with his friend. Yet, today, one of those young men has moved from the fifth floor of that dormitory, and the other will go soon. The first young man is today an inmate of the federal penitentiary at Danbury, Conn., jailed for a year and a day for his refusal to register under the provisions of the Selective Service and Training Act of 1940. The other young man is awaiting word to call him for a year of service in the armed forces of the United States of America. He has asked to have his exemption as a divinity student waived.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *motive* presents these authentic documents with some sense of satisfaction. We are glad to publish for students the actual give and take of two young people who are both struggling to find sure ground in the light of their own convictions. In the May number we will present more correspondence between the two boys. With some difficulty several persons have been instrumental in getting these papers for us. We are grateful to them for the privilege of publishing these illuminating discussions.]

You will say it can't be possible. Two such diametrically opposed positions cannot both find place within the Christian family. It would be easier to say that one is right and the other wrong. Yet both of these young men came to their decisions from the same Christian presuppositions. Both have chosen their courses of action after prayer, with an earnest desire to do the right thing, and after much give-and-take between them.

With a minimum of editorial changes, here are documents from these two young men as they have struggled through the ethical issues involved in making their Christian witness effective in today's world. It is a problem for all young Christians today. The story begins in March of 1940, when the two young men here involved agreed upon a letter which they wrote to Canon Charles E. Raven, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge University, and one of the world's most famous pacifists. They posed questions regarding the status of pacifists in Britain at war and regarding Canon Raven's own pacifism in a testing time. When the reply came, the following statement was drawn up for their Seminary magazine. This exchange of opinion on the subject of the Christian's attitude toward war and peace begins

with this editorial upon which both of the young men agreed.

Canon Raven's Pacifism

Writing from a country that knows the sound of air raid alarms, the fear of an aggressor nation, and the responsibility of a struggle to maintain democracy in a crumbling world, Canon Raven reveals a firm and decisive hold on his pacifist faith. Canon Raven's is no shallow brand of pacifism. The steadfastness of such a loyalty may well give courage to Christians elsewhere, whether or not they feel that they can honestly follow it themselves.

But there is more than this to the pacifism of Canon Raven. Not only does it stand against the assaults of the current war tension, but it also stands against many of the arguments that commonly move out the foundations from under the many lesser breeds of pacifism.

Canon Raven's pacifism is neither a simple perfectionism nor an easy pragmatism. As to the former, it recognizes the impossibility of a simple moral perfectionism, which "involves either suicide or a desert island." It takes account of the tension between history and the absolute demands of Christianity. What it does hold is that "there is a point at which men who would call themselves Christians must choose martyrdom . . . rather than an acknowledged apostasy."

Likewise Canon Raven recognizes that pacifism is anything but a simple political technique. He frankly acknowledges the contribution of antimilitarism to the breakdown of collective security and the defeat of the Republican army in Spain. He realizes the dangers of chaos which might result from pacifism, though he counters with the evidence of the results of war. In its final meaning, he

maintains, the Cross in history means a revolutionary change—"a rejection of the instinctive egoisms and aggressiveness of man, of his standards of glory and greatness, a transvaluation of values more radical than most of those who use the phrase acknowledge."

Thus Canon Raven avoids simple perfectionism or pragmatism. Of course his stand considers both the Christian ideal and the practical problems of life: in the ultimate analysis the Christian must stand for the way of the Cross, and the problem of war is the place for our age to take the stand.

What does this stand mean for history? Probably, says Canon Raven, it will mean progress over the present state of the world, which threatens the imminent destruction of Western civilization. But even if it means that "Christianity and democracy are for a time submerged, those who believe in a resurrection will realize that there can be no resurrection without a crucifixion, and that church and freedom were born among people defenseless and persecuted."

The meaning of history is a difficult problem for Christianity. Canon Raven seems to think of it as a slow step-by-step process, though not an automatic one, toward the overthrow of evil. The conquest of war is the next step in this progress, and a very necessary one. In the mood of contemporary theology, history is likely to be judged as more ambiguous and more tragic than that. Ultimately the question of pacifism for the Christian is the problem of whether the triumph of the Cross is actually in history or over history, in the realm between time and eternity.

—The Union Review, March, 1940.

After the note on Canon Raven, the writings and thinking of the two young men seldom coincide again on the practical problem of war and peace. One—we shall call him Roger—became more critical of pacifism. The other—George—steered closer to it.

Said George in a speech one day:

War has broken out in the world. Yet the strange contradiction is that all the world says it has been searching for peace. Doesn't that fill you with confusion? I'm terribly confused by the words of the world's leaders. Listen to what

each of three European leaders had to say when war had finally been declared again!

Chamberlain said, "This is a sad day for all of us, and to none is it sadder than for me. Everything that I believed in my life has crashed in ruins."

Daladier said, "I know in my own conscience I worked without ceasing, without respite, against war until the last."

Hitler said, "Innumerable times I have offered England and the English people agreement and the friendship of the German people. My entire policy was built up on the thought of this understanding."

What Chamberlain, Daladier and Hitler revealed to the world by their admission was that they really did not have any faith in peace. Our faith must be a living one. It must be a faith of works and not just words. Have we faith in Jesus, the Prince of Peace, and have we faith in God who is described as Love? If we have, then it is no longer possible to stand idly by and watch our country be drawn into the European struggle. Faith without works is dead, and if we would make our faith in God a living faith, we must enter wholeheartedly into the cause of peace.

While these thoughts were busy-ing George, Roger was having his questions about the pacifist movement and its friends:

American pacifism in the current war situation has far too often yielded its loyalties to expediency. The temptation, it is true, has been great. For pacifism has faced the most difficult of problems for a faith set apart: it has become popular. The pacifists have suddenly found their forces augmented by a vast army of fellow-travelers, who have backed the political strategies that pacifism favors. Pacifism, suddenly finding ready support for its immediate program, has actually tended to welcome them. Many individual pacifists have, of course, preserved real integrity of motive, but the movement has been colored by the less firm resolve of its outswirls. Thus to all appearances pacifism has ceased to be a minority movement standing against the tide, and has become lost in the general drift of popular feeling. In other words, pacifism is speaking to us in the language of ex-

pediency and our own self-interest, not in the language of Christianity.

And again, a letter from the same source:

Dear —:

Of course, I don't like militarism any better than you do. I'm in favor of every possible form of non-violent resistance and pressure that can be substituted for war. But I was on the side of the Ethiopians, the Chinese and the Spanish Loyalists in three wars, and I favored our government swinging into action to give some sort of help in every one of those cases.

The reason I could never be a real pacifist is that I know renouncing war completely means renouncing the threat of force as well. And for anyone in the United States to look at Europe from our isolated and navy-defended shores and say that they should renounce the threat of force seems to me to be merely academic, if not bunk. Pacifism, if carried to its logical outcome, means that every tyrant who springs up can take what he will with nobody to stop him, and that seems to me to be making things ridiculous as far as politics is concerned.

I've read everything I can get hold of on this subject. I've listened to Canon Raven, Muriel Lester, Professor Lyman, Harold Fey and A. J. Muste, and I've been mighty close to accepting their views in spite of everything during the past two years. I've also heard a lot of sincere Christians on the other side. And I've heard some plain neutrality bull thrown by Norman Thomas and some others. So my poor brain has gone through a lot of contortions, and I've done some painful thinking and praying, and finally pulled out a few conclusions that until I see something better I'm ready to stick by.

One of these is that if idealism is going to mean anything, it's got to operate in a practical, historical situation, and not in a vacuum in someone's head. That means that in some things it's got to be willing to dirty itself by throwing in its lot with that which looks better in the circumstances, no matter how far that cause may be from perfection, be it the labor movement, Spanish Republicanism, or the British empire. I'm con-

vinced that if I had been a Chinese in that country's troubles I'd have fought the Japanese, not because I care what color flag is waving over me, but because there were some values that I couldn't stand seeing destroyed. If I'd been a Spaniard I'd have fought Franco, because I could not stand a fascist tyranny crushing out republicanism and a live attempt at economic justice. If I'd been a Finn, I'd have fought likewise. Some things were at stake that were important enough that I'd have felt that I had to be ready to die—or even to kill—rather than see all those crushed. Likewise, if I were in England now, I'd fight Hitler rather than be neutral about what happened in Poland and elsewhere. I could not fight him with any conscience unless I were ready to plug also for some changes in Britain; but I'd know that as long as the British Commonwealth of Nations stood there was a chance to secure those changes democratically, while under Hitler there was no such chance. There'd be no doubt that my fighting would be partly selfish, but it would be the best I could do.

Well, you see why I am full of doubts. Write me a line if you have time.

Sincerely,

ROGER.

During the same period, as the tensions in the struggle between pacifists and non-pacifists continued to mount, George began to think through the problem of the ideal of peace and the same necessity of compromise which Roger had attacked in his statement just above. In steadying his ideas on the ideal and compromise, he wrote:

The Christian religion seems to me to have two things to say to the person who is an activist in meeting social problems: (1) that he must always keep as an end in view, an end toward which he is striving, the supreme worth of each individual personality; (2) that the only method which will permit him to realize this end is the *method of love*.

The problem which haunts the Christian as he attempts to meet the challenge of an evil social situation is that it is impossible for him to apply his lofty principles without falling far below, in his own ac-

tions, what his principles demand of him. He is hard up against the necessity of compromise in our world, a necessity which cannot be escaped by the Christian. Even if he agitates against war, he recognizes the necessity for some coercion in order that a semblance of justice may be maintained.

The position which seems most satisfactorily to solve the problem of compromise within the Christian standards is that of prophetic idealism. There is great value in just the fact of commitment to the ideal, for the alternative to being committed to the highest ideal is that of being committed to something less. This is true, since everyone must be committed to something. It is not correct to think that one must give up allegiance to an ideal merely because the rest of the world does not recognize the existence of such an ideal, or does not give itself in any kind of allegiance to the ideal. The position which says that since an ideal peace is not achievable in an un-ideal world and that, therefore, one must strive for only the kind of peace which the world offers, overlooks the fact that by being committed to something less than the ideal, the possibility of ideal peace has disappeared. Not only does the possibility of an ideal peace disappear, but also the only attainable peace which the world offers becomes itself the ideal.

The prophetic quality within this position of prophetic idealism proclaims a judgment on the evils of society and also on the shortcomings of each individual in society from the perspective of the ideal. Judgment is the natural corollary to the existence of an ideal, for one always stands under the accusation of his failure to be true to that which is highest.

Both individuals and society stand in need of a pure idealism and a pure judgment at all times. This is why it is so necessary to retain a strong separation between the Church and the State. The Church cannot lose its devotion to the ideal, to something which is higher than that to which the State stands committed. And at the same time the Church should ever be in judgment upon the ways of the State from the point of view of its higher perspective.

There are those who say that the Christian must be content today to deal only in terms of justice, which the cause of China and the Allies

represents. There is no argument that a Chinese victory would establish a greater justice than would a Japanese, but if we think only in terms of power politics and its rough justice, not even this will be attained. Indeed, the very wars we fight for justice arouse the hatreds which make justice impossible. Unless someone points to a higher ideal of love (and certainly the Church must do this), we will flounder in our confused struggles.

These two principles must be kept in mind, then, when trying to solve the problem of compromise: (1) that one should never lose sight of the ideal or water down the ideal by believing that it is impossible of achievement; (2) that one should always stand under the judgment of this ideal in all of his actions, since it is recognized that compromise with the ideal is a fact of life.

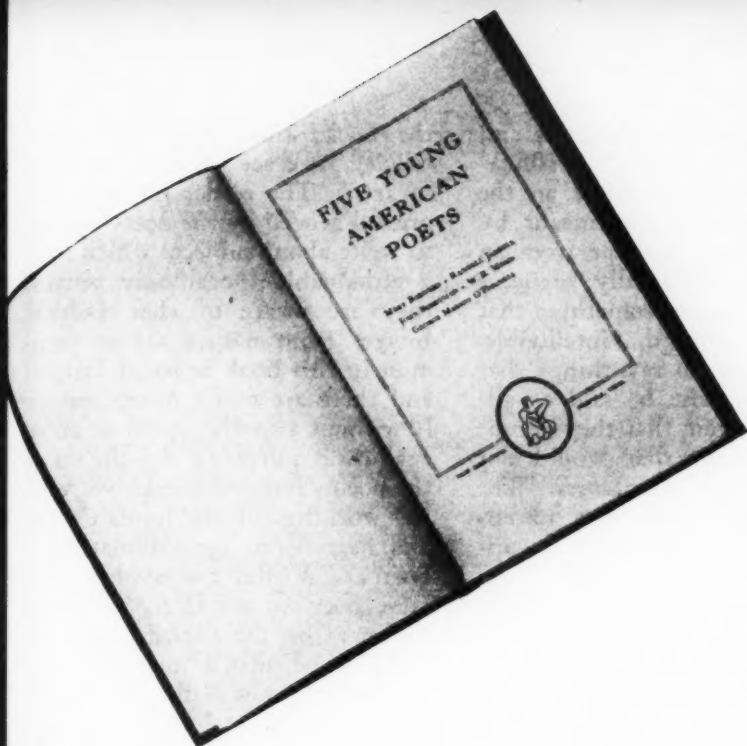
The point at which compromise should take place cannot be decided absolutely. The faith that is being expressed here is simply that great force is wielded by the declaration of an ideal, and that the declaration of an ideal is important, even when it is inevitable that one must compromise with it.

Since the outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese war in 1937, the attack on the eastern seaboard of China and the blockade by the Japanese invasion have caused the destruction and closing of a number of higher educational institutions, about 83 per cent of which were concentrated in eastern China. In a number of instances, both faculties and students had to move on foot with whatever equipment they could carry personally and the exodus ranged from several hundred to one thousand miles westward. Some of the institutions had to move two or three times. . . . It is estimated today that about 66 per cent of the higher educational institutions are now located in western China, while less than 4½ per cent remain in the Japanese invaded areas, and about 29½ per cent have moved into the foreign concessions and settlements. . . .

Even art and dramatic students have been attempting to apply their arts to help in the prosecution of the war—for example, in the field of war propaganda plays. For the students who are studying abroad, especially in the United States, a program of practical training in technology has gathered momentum. . . .

—Chih Meng, Director, China Institute in America, in *News Bulletin*, Institute of International Education.

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Five Young

American Poets

and How They Grew

Edward Weismiller

I had thought that after reading *New Directions'* current anthology of poetry, I should be able to make some generalizations about the purpose, or at any rate the tone, of what I was certain would be America's most modern poetry. This perhaps indicates my suspicion of that poetry more than it does my good will or my diligence on behalf of the reader; accordingly, when I say now that I found my expectation hardly at all fulfilled, the reader should feel at least as much relief as disappointment. It should not be possible to generalize very far; in fact, it is not possible. This makes the reviewer's task exceedingly difficult. But the difficulty is one he ought to welcome.

*Five Young American Poets*¹ gives us the work of Mary Barnard, John Berryman, Randall Jarrell, W. R. Moses, and George Marion O'Donnell—young people, all of them, ranging in age from twenty-six to thirty-two, and engaged, most of them, in university English teaching. They are hard-minded, critical, and independent; and if they show among them influences as widely different as Miss Millay's and Mr. Frost's on the one hand and Mr. Crane's and Mr. MacNeice's on the other, it would undoubtedly occur to none of them that this statement might be framed as an accusation. Nor should it be. The poets with whom we are dealing are thoroughly adult; they are in their separate ways accomplished crafts-

men; if they have sustained influences, the product is much more important than the process. One might as well survey the body of Eve to see in what part of her flesh the apple is at work: if this can be seen, it can be seen, and needs no comment.

I have said that the poets we are discussing are independent; and that is, I think, the most revealing generalization I can make. Whether, like George Marion O'Donnell, they feel themselves informed and animated by a tradition, or, like W. R. Moses, acknowledge themselves to be actuated by no more than the individual impulse to write the individual poem, they insist on their freedom to express their thoughts in the way that seems good to them—to use, without apology, whatever material produces in them the reaction of poetry, and to come up finally with poems whose language and form are dictated by the specific idea rather than by a blanket conception of what a poet in this time ought to do. A poet in this time, they say, ought to write

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This detailed review of a book of poetry is published in its entirety because we think it is a singularly acute critical analysis of modern poetry. We believe that a knowledge of what the modern poet is trying to do, and a judgment of his accomplishment will effect an appreciation of poetry that should do much to raise the level of its use in student groups. For that reason we are happy to present a young poet's critique of poetry.*)

poetry, or what he takes to be poetry, and write it as well as he can; that is his only responsibility. How well he writes is of course another matter.

This very emphasis on the validity of the individual poet's impulse can, of course, be extended into a poetic formula; or can, at any rate, itself be read as a pattern existing in modern poetry. It is so read by Randall Jarrell in the "Note on Poetry" prefixed to his poems. Mr. Jarrell, who is, I think, the most skillful critic among the five poets—he reviews poetry frequently for the *New Republic*, acidulously but with undeniable intelligence—makes the following judgments: "Modern poetry is, essentially, an extension of romanticism; it is what romantic poetry wishes or finds it necessary to become. It is the end-product of romanticism, all past and no future; it is not possible to go further by any extrapolation of the process by which we have arrived, and certainly it is impossible to remain where we are. . . . Modernism . . . is the den from which no tracks return: at least, none whose makers have not come to an understanding with the lion."

Later Mr. Jarrell isolates the characteristics which he thinks make modern poetry romantic. ". . . consider some of the qualities of typical modernistic poetry: very interesting language, a great emphasis on conno-

¹ *New Directions*, Norfolk, Conn., 1940; \$2.50.

tation, 'texture'; extreme intensity, forced emotion—violence; a good deal of obscurity; emphasis on sensation, perceptual nuances; emphasis on details, on the part rather than on the whole; experimental or novel qualities of some sort; a tendency toward external formlessness and internal disorganization—these are justified, generally, as the disorganization required to express a disorganized age, or alternatively, as newly-discovered and more complex types of organization; an extremely personal style—*refine your singularities*; lack of restraint—all tendencies are forced to their limits; there is a good deal of emphasis on the unconscious, dream-structure, the thoroughly subjective; the poet's attitudes are usually anti-scientific, anti-commonsense, anti-public—he is, essentially, removed; poetry is primarily lyric, intensive—the few long poems are aggregations of lyric details; poems usually have, not a logical, but the more or less associational structure of dramatic monologue; and so on and so on. This complex of qualities is essentially romantic; and the poetry that exhibits it represents the culminating point of romanticism."

The insistence on the independent importance of what is individual has long been recognized as the characterizing feature of romanticism; and we may accept Mr. Jarrell's estimate of modern poetry at least as unusually acute if we find the attributes to which he calls attention in more poems than his own. With one notable exception, these attributes are precisely what we find: the lyric form, violent and knotty word associations, and thought made difficult of communication by the use of private images. The exception I mention is an exception to "external formlessness and internal disorganization"; all the poets in the volume tell us that they are intensely concerned with form and craftsmanship. Here is Miss Barnard: "... poetry may do different things and be good in different ways; but without freshness of vision, and craftsmanship in the building of metrical and melodic patterns, the poetry might as well be journalism." Mr. Berryman: "One of the reasons for writing verse is a delight in craftsmanship—rarely for

its own sake, mainly as it seizes and makes visible its subject. Versification, rime, stanza-form, trope, are the tools. They provide the means by which the writer can shape from an experience in itself usually vague, a mere feeling or phrase, something that is coherent, directed, intelligible. They permit one to say things that would not otherwise be said at all; it may be said, even, that they permit one to feel things that would not otherwise be felt." Mr. Moses: "The external conditions are those of enfeebled beliefs and flourishing upheavals; under them, lyric and occasional poetry seems to thrive better than any other kind. My feeling is that poetry, in compensation and correction . . . may desirably be as firm, precise and definite—as formal, in the proper sense of the word—as possible." And finally, Mr. O'Donnell: "... my aim . . . is to project, formalized in poetry, the total quality of a recognizably human experience." The last statement is perhaps not thoroughly explicit; but Mr. O'Donnell's poetry displays a technical care so unmistakable (and normally so successful) that its intention is not to be disputed. And if in it, as in much of the other poetry in the book, careful variation of rhythms takes the place of perfect regularity, and assonance—or nothing—replaces perfect rhyme, these devices can in no sense be called disorganization. "I suppose one need hardly go into the matter of why the nearly exact is often more pleasant than the exact," says Mr. Moses; and I in my turn suppose that one need not explain how the studied carelessness, the "sweet disorder in the dress" which still does not give the effect of slatternliness, is often more difficult to attain than a perfect traditional regularity.

* * * *

What we meet in this book, then, is a collection of poems on an enormous variety of subjects, many of the poems difficult to understand, almost all of them written in rigidly controlled if sometimes unusual forms, and expressed in the most carefully chosen language. The ease of successful labor, or the unease of failure, is everywhere in

the book; there is no accidental felicity, no grace "beyond the reach of art." The reader must be impressed as well by the poets' refusal to write about subjects which have a fashionable appeal only because they are aware of that fashion. Images from nature are as common in this book as social images; and there are many poems entirely without a specific social or propagandistic purpose. In the main the poems concern themselves with the workings of the human mind and heart—the age-old matter of poetry. Within the work of the same poet we are likely to find a comment on the ancient, gnawing problem of man's mortality and the (perhaps not really new) problem of the Russo-Finnish war and its relation to the problem of evil—the universal and the particular, the eternal and the immediate. Each poet, conscious of what he does, makes his interpretations from the point of view of the society (elaborately traditional or mystically simple) which *naturally* formed his thinking; Miss Barnard does not apologize for the forests and mountains around Vancouver any more than Mr. O'Donnell avoids the particular subjects and images provided him by his life in the plantation South. Mr. Berryman accepts his English travels as naturally impressive. Mr. Moses, the hunter, feels no inconsequence in outlining for us the hunter's psychology.

Yet the most important thing about all these poems is probably their intellectuality—their extension of the figures of simple perception into difficult and elaborate complexes of thought which represent, for these poets at least, the impact of reality on the enormously delicately balanced modern mind. Let us consider Mr. Jarrell's formulation of the old idea that one never steps into the same river twice—that life is continual change, loss; that one does not know his fellow man from one moment to the next. The poem is called *ON THE RAILWAY PLATFORM*, and it represents Mr. Jarrell's use of symbolism at an intermediate stage of complexity:

[Continued on page 56]

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Folk Play for Fun Plus

J. Olcott Sanders

MORE feet are skipping to "Paw Paw Patch." More voices are joining in "Came A-Riding." More heads are bending over "Nine Men's Morris." More hands are shaping shepherd's pipes. Why?

Why are folk games and dances, folk songs and crafts, folk tales and plays used increasingly in recreational programs? Part of the present interest is probably faddism, and these unhealthy excesses will be short-lived. But most of the interest springs from both conscious and unconscious realization of the inherent worth of folk play. Folk play is truly democratic, because it is "of the people, by the people, for the people."

Just as it is more satisfying in the long run to live under democratically conceived modes of behavior, though not quite as simple as unthinking acceptance of a dictated course, so it is more satisfying in the long run to play out of the accumulated experience of people, though not quite as simple as unthinking acceptance of ballyhooed commercialism.

Next best to creating things ourselves (and perhaps in some ways better when we have not mastered techniques of self-expression) we find our fundamental spirits expressed in creations of our brothers—though they be in times past or places distant. I am thinking now primarily of folk creation, though much of what I mention is true also of the individual artist—who succeeds when through his rare insight he individually can capture expressions of realities in men's lives.

To see what the inherent values of folk play are, let us look at the folk process in simplified form as a song might be made.* Growing out of natural patterns arising from intensification of the modulations of a speaking voice, a tune is gradually molded for a set of words over a period of time by one or more persons. But even before it has achieved its full shape it begins to change as it passes from one singer to another. It might be compared in a way to the game of "gossip," which I recall from childhood, in which a message was passed down the line; with many laughs we would compare the original with the usually quite garbled last version. But whereas the game emphasized a process of corruption and disintegration of an idea, the folk process is one of growth and evolution. For instead of perpetuating inanity, each succeeding person in the folk chain is seeking to improve what has been handed to him; if his new version is bad, there is no compulsion for others to take it up. On the whole, it is a case of the familiar "survival of the fittest." Incidentally, it is not entirely accurate to speak of the folk chain in the sense of a single strand of links; at any time there will be many versions, all more or less good. A folk creation grows until it is pinned down like a zoological specimen. Radio and printing especially are tending to standardize

Groups participating in the National Folk Festival held in Washington, D. C. Swedish, Indian, Evangelical Country, miners', and old fiddlers' groups shown here.

Pictures courtesy of the Folk Festival Association.

* For fuller and more scholarly discussion, I suggest *National Music* by Ralph Vaughan Williams (Oxford University Press, 1935).

The National Folk Festival

The Eighth Annual National Folk Festival will be held in Washington, D. C., May 1, 2, and 3, 1941, under the sponsorship of the Washington Post Folk Festival Association.

The objective of the National Folk Festival is "to bring together annually the varied racial groups from the different sections of the United States, with their characteristic folk expressions for a people's holiday and merry-making. In addition to the joy the Festival gives to participants and audiences, it reflects the social life and traditional customs used since early days. Through the interchange of distinctive folk songs, music, dances, myths and folk stories of different races will come, we hope, a better understanding and more tolerance which should result in stronger national unity. It hopes to create consciousness of the richness of our traditional folk art, the basic art, which would undoubtedly help to inspire classic art built on these roots."

If the traditional expressions existing in the United States had no roots in the past, no possibility of life in the future, the joy that comes through their use today would be sufficient reason for national and community folk festivals. But there is value to the folk traditions in addition to present recreational worth. There is more to the folk song than the tune of it, more to the folk dance than its form, more to the myth than the tale it tells. In our traditional expressions are recorded the social life of early America, and the growing, changing later America. They reflect the "living his-



April, 1941

tory" of our country, the struggles and joys we have had together in establishing a new nation. Through them we glimpse the life of native lands from which our peoples have come. They reach far back into the days of unrecorded history and tell us the customs and beliefs, the longings and desires of those days.

We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the foundations of our basic cultures should be projected into the future because their forms are fundamental. Our cultural and social life, for rural and urban people, will be less rich if we lose them. As they have served the past and are used in the present, so will the future need them. They should not be blown away with a changing civilization. . . .

With old ways of life breaking down in many lands, the United States has a vital part to play as guardian of European heritages. Unless the attitude in Europe changes, and if we continue our democratic way of life, this is the place where they must be preserved. Many of the nations of the Old World with civilization much older than ours have had revivals at one time or another, but usually after living forms had passed. Fabrics had to be pieced together from records and books. The original spontaneity was gone. We should not make this mistake. . . .

There has gradually developed a widening of interest in folklore in all countries. Though some of the European countries, especially Scandinavia, in the early seventeenth century, started collections and established museums of folk materials, it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that folklore really attained the status of value as a science recognized by scholars generally in western Europe and America. In 1846 the term "traditions" or "popular antiquities" became "folklore" through the coinage of the word by Thoms, of England. This new word "folklore" was more usable, more living. No doubt it played a part in opening the way for continued interest in traditional forms, than would have been possible through the use of "antiquities" which seems to have no connection with the present. . . .

The common ties of language and traditional customs are the strongest ones that we have with Canada, Mexico, South America and the Islands. Strong are the language and traditional ties of the English, French, Scotch and other stocks common to America and Canada. Invaluable in understanding Mexico and South America are the Spanish language and Spanish-American traditions which have existed on what is now United States soil for four hundred years. The "good

and to stifle growth. The folk song collector today frequently finds a performer who wants to know whether he should sing "the old tune or the one I heard on the radio."

Now, this growing out of the folk results in some important characteristics:

1. *Popular appeal.* Despite our veneers of Twentieth Century United States sophistication, we are fundamentally little different from human beings of other ages and other lands. What a lot of people have had a hand in developing, therefore, will probably be of such stuff that it will have meaning for us.

2. *Social form.* Most folk activities encourage or even require group participation rather than solo performances. Lacking this, they are at least of such a nature that the audience feels more than a passive part in the performance.

3. *Artistic merit.* Since there is no reason to preserve the ugly, people's native sense of beauty has resulted in rather rigorous selection. Simplicity, sincerity, and a sort of serenity are usual marks of folk creations.

4. *Consequent wearability.* With the preceding three characteristics folk activities bear the seal "tested by time." They have the capacity for sustaining interest; in fact, most folk activities grow in meaning with continued use of them.

Besides these inherent values, however, in our conscious utilization of folk materials we can take advantage of "plus" values. Most important, particularly in times like these, is a sense of identification with other peoples through experiencing vicariously their reactions to life. As we sing the songs or play the games of other people, mere tolerance grows to appreciation, which may then be directed through a program of social action into patterns of creative human relations. Though the very subject matter of many folk activities indicates the cultural source, the leader who wants participants to get the most from folk materials will establish a full appreciation by building up adequate background through injecting information about history, related customs, and similar color. Further, it might be suggested that though there is a certain interest in variety expressed through activities like international folk festivals and parties, more basic and thorough understanding and appreciation grows from more extended concentration on a single cultural group at a time. Styles and spirits differ, and it is difficult to adjust fully and quickly to a varied list of social backgrounds. Even within the bounds of a single nation, for example, it is a decided transition from the spirit of the play-party game to the spirit of the square dance.

Folk materials have been made available and popularized by such people as Elizabeth Burchenal, whose folk group in New York celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in February; Lynn Rohrbough, whose *Handies and Kits* have put increasing emphasis on folk play; Jean Thomas, the "traipsin' woman" of the Kentucky highlands; Frederick H. Koch, who has fathered the folk drama; Sarah Gertrude Knott, who directs the National Folk Festival, to be held this year in Washington, D. C., on May 1-4; J. Frank Dobie, who has recognized the merit of the folk tale; John A. Lomax, whose first book back in 1910 was the earliest volume of American folk songs published with the tunes; Cecil Sharp, the Englishman who collected British ballads in this country as well as his own. The list is long and growing, and those mentioned are by no means even the only important ones.

But though a rich store has been made available since the beginning of the Twentieth Century, why don't you try your hand at collecting folk materials wherever you are? Start with your own family—your parents and grandparents. Probably you have been so busy going to movies and football games and listening to the radio that you have not had a chance to hear the songs and learn the games your elders have tucked away in their memories. One of the significant characteristics of most folk activities is the capacity to interest all age groups; folk play in the home can help

strengthen the bonds that hold a family together by adding to common interests.

After you have begun like charity (that is, at home), venture out into your community. Go where people are working. If you have a cook, eavesdrop when she is working alone in the kitchen; then surprise her at the end of a song with a burst of applause and ask for more. I have a friend who worked in a factory in Texas; most of her co-workers were from the Southern mountains, and soon she had a large repertoire of Southern mountain songs. Then visit old-timers in town; if age has not dimmed their memories, they will probably be glad to talk about the past, sing old songs, and describe old games. The least affected by encroachments of mechanical civilization are young children, and their games are usually genuine folk inheritance, though often too simple to appeal to older people. Let it not go without saying that the effective collector must be long in sympathy and gentleness—as well as patience to stay through many ordinary and even bad offerings till a prize contribution is brought forth. Often collectors have spent arduous and fruitless hours on a visit, only on moving to leave being called back by a folk artist who has finally overcome shyness and suspicion enough to share a real treasure.

A Note About Copyrights

Collecting folk materials is mainly a labor of love. Full-time workers in the field depend largely on royalties from publications for a rather meager income. It is only fair, then, that we should be strict in observing copyrights. Before we mimeograph or print words of songs, rules for games, and similar material from copyrighted sources, we should be law-abiding and ethical enough to ask permission from the owner of the copyright. Usually this is little more than a courteous formality. Each collector, however, has a few special items for which he may ask a small payment for reprinting privileges. If you cannot afford this, then use other materials on which you can get free permission. Church groups have been particularly guilty of infringing on copyrights.

Dust Bowl

Robert A. Davis

These were our fields.
Now no flower blooms,
No grain grows here
Where earth moves in every wind.

No birds nest in these trees.
No fruit hangs
Where the boughs stretch bare
In the sun.

The dust sifts down—blows in.
Our mouths are filled.
The dust moves across,
And up and around the dust moves

In our waking—our sleeping—
In our dreams.
And our thoughts
Shifting before it are dry and futile.

Forgotten by all—
Save the dust,
We wait 'til our bodies
Blend with dust.

neighbor" policy should begin at home. When we really come to recognize, appreciate, and claim as our own the cultural heritages of our own national family with its varied stocks, it will be much easier to establish genuine cultural relations with kinsmen in other countries. . . .

It is high time for the United States to recognize the worth of folk traditions in democratizing our peoples, in creating better understanding, more tolerance, and stronger national unity. Few nations, if any, have as many living folk expressions as we have and none has the variety which our many racial groups give us. Each group within our borders has its own peculiar temperament, its own distinctive quality and philosophy of life. Inherent characteristics of each are expressed in folk song, music, dance, legend and folk stories. An intelligent use of these traditions now would undoubtedly go far in making possible a richer cultural life in peace times, and a more united front in the emergency of war. . . .

From the vantage point of the mid-twentieth century, we see many significances in the individual differences of our peoples which we could not have seen earlier. Time had to give us perspective. If the white man in early days had better understood the Indian's nature . . . but then, he could not until he glimpsed it in his age-old ceremonials through which his soul speaks. If we had known the burdened soul of the Negro in bondage . . . but then, we could not until we heard his soul cry through his spirituals, which grew out of that burden. If we had become better acquainted with our Spanish-Americans whose traditions have roots four hundred years old on what is now United States soil . . . but it took a world crisis to attract attention to them. At last we are beginning, along with other older nations, to understand that folk traditions are not just "relics of an outlived" past. They are vital today.

—Sarah Gertrude Knott, founder and director, National Folk Festival Association.

A number of the ushers at the Cincinnati Symphony concerts are refugees from Germany. Out of curiosity we asked one of them, a young fellow named Bernard Gutman, how our own Music Hall compared with similar theaters in Germany. He told us that he was sorry, but he really didn't know. Mr. Hitler came into power before Bernard was old enough to attend concerts, and after that he was forbidden to enter any of the places where music was played in public.



DAVE CRANDELL

EDITOR

"AMERICA IN TRANSITION"

CBS is giving America's creative workers an opportunity to express themselves freely on the subject of our nation's cultural future through the new program, "America in Transition." The program is designed to give free rein to poets, painters, architects, scientists, cartoonists, and so on, in the expression of their views as to current changes and future trends of American civilization as we assume an increasingly dominant position in the preservation and promotion of culture.

To date, "America in Transition" has aired the feelings of Reginald Marsh, vivid painter of the contemporary American scene; Selden Rodman, young poet, author and anthologist; Gilbert Seldes, CBS director of television programs; Erskine Caldwell, author of *Tobacco Road*; Milton Caniff, cartoon artist; and Walter Teague, industrial designer. The Golden Gate Quartet has discussed modern music in its relation to the Negro spiritual.

The program, an offering of the CBS Educational Department, is heard in the East and the Middle West only on Tuesdays at 3:45 EST.

THE FREE COMPANY

Recently a group of leading American writers and playwrights organized The Free Company, an organization dedicated to counter-attacking foreign propaganda in this country through the medium of a nation-wide radio series of dramatic broadcasts presenting the principles of American freedom. Members of The Free Company include Robert E. Sherwood, Marc Connelly, William Saroyan, Maxwell Anderson, Orson Welles, Stephen Vincent Benet, Paul Green, Archibald MacLeish, Sherwood Anderson, George M. Cohan, and James Boyd.

These playwrights and writers are of the opinion that the effectiveness of hostile propaganda, so tragically demonstrated in various European countries, is greater here than generally realized, and that it may be expected to increase, especially if favored by self-doubt and con-

All This—

fusion in the nation's mind. They feel that rather than attacking that propaganda, the best defense would be positive restatement of their own beliefs in moving terms through spectacles of drama, color, and passion.

The Free Company project will be guided by a voluntary committee made up of: Robert E. Sherwood, representing writers; Burgess Meredith, representing actors; W. B. Lewis, CBS vice-president, representing radio; and James Boyd as national chairman. The writers will have the greatest possible freedom of expression, the only requirements being that the scripts represent a definitely dramatic treatment of the theme, rather than a didactic, expository or documentary approach.

According to James Boyd, "This is a proposal to present the bases of our freedom, not as paid propaganda, but as voluntary statements of faith by a group of Americans qualified to give them eloquent expression. What we are doing," he says, "is to express in action what millions of Americans feel; that we have in this country a way of life that is unique and precious and something to be infinitely proud of."

DID YOU KNOW . . . ?

Recently on the program "What's on Your Mind?" Lieutenant Commander Maurice C. Sparling answered questions regarding the draft. Most asked question was, "What color will my uniform be?"

The life of Ida Lupino was recently dramatized on "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood." Just before the final broadcast of the series, Miss Lupino received a letter from her

celebrated actor father in England who is now chief air warden at Croydon, London's great airport. The letter was so moving that the following portion was included in the broadcast: "We have just experienced a four-hour raid. One bomb hit our house and completely devastated it. In the ruins I found what was left of my old den. Oddly enough, the only things left standing were my little figures of the Virgin Mary and Christ. I said a prayer to give me coolness of mind and courage to go ahead. . . . Don't worry about me. . . ."

Customs inspectors on the alert for the devious tricks of international spies almost upset CBS's program schedule a few weeks ago. The inspectors held up a special shipment of Canadian music addressed to CBS because they thought the notes and bars might contain messages in a secret code. The music, sent on its way again, arrived in New York barely in time for the broadcast.

Radio Volumes

YOUR CAREER IN RADIO. By Norman V. Carlisle and Conrad D. Rice.

A book written for young people who are thoughtfully considering careers in radio and television. The authors discuss every aspect in radio, including salaries, requirements to reach the top, and the business end. A factual book with practical, sensible advice. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1941. \$2.00.

RADIO GUILD PLAYS. By James M. Morris.

A book containing fifteen radio plays designed especially for high schools and colleges by the head of drama at KOAC, Oregon's state-owned station. Includes original drama, historical plays, fairy tales, and adaptations of famous plays and short stories. A director's handbook with suggestions for production and student training is included. New York: H. W. Wilson Co., 1940.

Program Notes

A few changes and additions to the program schedules which appeared in the February and March numbers of *motive*:

Drama—"The Free Company" is heard over CBS Sunday at 2 P.M. EST. . . . **Literature**—During April Ted Malone will visit the following places on his "American Pilgrimage" (NBC, Sunday, 2 P.M. EST): April 6, Crawfordsville, Indiana—Lew Wallace; April 13 and 20, Concord, Mass.—Henry Thoreau and Ralph Waldo Emerson; April 27, Tarrytown, N. Y.—Washington Irving. . . . **Public Affairs**—New time for "America's Town Meeting" (NBC) is Thursday, 9:30 P.M. EST. . . . **Education**—CBS's "America in Transition" is on Tuesday at 3:45 EST (East and Midwest only).

And Vision Too!

David Crandell

A RAINBOW FOR RADIO

Gilbert Seldes, CBS director of television programs, discusses a line with an actress.

A few months ago, in October of 1940, a group of men sat with great anticipation in a small room on the fifth floor of the CBS building in New York. They sat facing two television receivers—which to all appearances were identical. Presently the lights were dimmed and on the screens of both sets appeared the title "COLOR TELEVISION." It was at that moment that the similarity of the two receiving sets ended. One set presented television in black and white while the other offered the same images in full rich color—natural color in all of its brilliance. There followed scenes of sailboats, of beautiful flowers, of girls gaily modeling the fashions of the hour. For a while the attention of the men was divided between the two sets in astonished comparison, and then every eye concentrated on COLOR. All of us who stood to see again and again the color photography at the Eastman exhibit at the New York World's Fair are further testimony to the appeal of color to the human eye, to its third dimensional quality, to its power of compelling attention, and, through constant change, thrilling the observer with its enchantment.

The reaction of the men at Columbia to the Federal Communications Commission laboratory demonstration was: "The most amazing thing in years! It works!"

Yes, television in full color "works." It is the contribution of the Columbia Broadcasting System to the development of television in America. While Don Lee was experimenting in Los Angeles, and NBC in New York, Columbia engineers have also been busy in their New York studios, and have carried on an ambitious program of experimentation and research. But the develop-

ment of television in color has been an achievement only of the past year.

Color television has become a reality through the genius of Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, chief television engineer of CBS. When Dr. Goldmark stepped into the color problem the engineers had hit a snag. They knew that color could be transmitted electrically by using three channels on which to send and receive the three primary colors: red, blue and green. These colors could be combined simultaneously at the receiver to produce the necessary integration of color in the televised image. But . . . the Federal Communications Commission has limited the television wave band to six megacycles, and three channels of color would require a wave band of three times the available width. Goldmark, when faced with this situation for solution, asked: "How long does the human eye remember?" It was found that the fallacy of the eye in retaining an image after it has disappeared was the key. Red, blue and green were transmitted in rapid succession of 1/120th of a second and all three colors blended into a single full-color image . . . just as motion pictures flow fluidly in unbroken movement on the same principle.

To achieve the transmission of color as demonstrated in October, Dr. Goldmark used his film scanner through which a color film was run. In every home color television receiver there is a corresponding color disc which operates perfectly synchronized with the one at the transmitter, and hence reproduces the image in the identical studio colors. In the absence of a color attachment in the home receiver, the color is received in black and white.

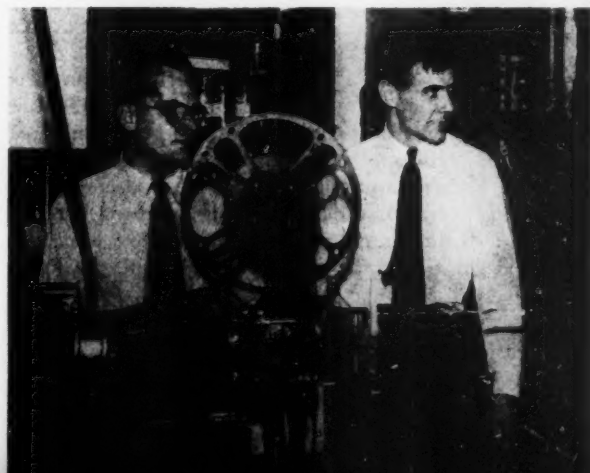
Dr. Peter C. Goldmark (left) and J. N. Dyer at the film-scanning equipment.

With this achievement, one step remained in the development of color television . . . that of making "live" pick-ups in color. But that step required equipment not yet perfected in October. However, on January 9, 1941, the first public showing of a direct pick-up of color television was successfully demonstrated for the press and members of the Institute of Radio Engineers in New York. Color pictures from life were picked up in the CBS Madison Avenue laboratories and transmitted by coaxial cable to the CBS 52nd Street building.

The January demonstration revealed great progress along new fronts such as: direct pick-up itself, synchronization of color discs, phasing of color discs, and new lighting methods for color television.

And so it is that the Columbia Broadcasting System has given radio a "rainbow." Color makes complete the best definition of television I know: "Television is the instantaneous transmission of actuality." CBS has made, and will continue to make, great contributions to this new electronics art. To quote Dr. Goldmark, "Tonight color television is in the laboratory, but with the co-operation of the industry, I do not think it will be there long."

April, 1941





POWER
AND
THE
LAND



POWER AND THE LAND, Rural Electrification Administration documentary film, pictures the back-breaking details of life on an Ohio farm, as revealed in the daily activities of the Bill Parkinson family. It was directed by Joris Ivens, who made, among other famous documentaries, SPANISH EARTH, a moving record of peasants seeking to carry on their farming during cruel war.

The film's most remarkable quality is the complete reality of the people whose actions tell the story—people entirely untrained to appear before a camera. The theme is the difference made when Bill and his neighbors get together and discover they can form a co-operative, borrow money from REA and build a power line, thus bringing the comforts and efficiency of electricity to their farms. The final scenes show again daily activities on the farm, but with what a difference! Propaganda? Of course! But why not, when you learn that since REA started in 1935 the number of farm homes with electricity has increased from one in ten to one in four. The commentary by Stephen Vincent Benet, the imaginative photography, the specially-written musical accompaniment blend to produce a beautiful film.

POWER AND THE LAND is being released by RKO; any local theater manager may secure it free from his RKO distributing center.

"Everybody has to help.

*If you marry a farmer, that's the first thing you learn.
Summer and winter go by, but the water has to be
pumped and the fire lighted.*

*The farm woman's day is long.
They don't complain, the women like Hazel Parkinson.
But they know on an August morning how hot the stove
is going to be at noon.*

*They know—and their children know—
The work that goes into raising food for a nation."*

* * * *

*"Bless this food to this family.
They have earned it, not by easy tasks,
But with their strength and their toil.
They are wise in the ways of the earth.
They are a united family.*

*Now they are tired at the end of the day,
But they are friendly with each other,
Glad to see each others' faces.*

They may not say very much

But they have the word 'home' in their hearts.

*The things we cherish most here in America are here
at this table.*

*While we foster and maintain them, it shall be well
with us all."*

* * * *

"We've got new tools for the old toil.

We'll learn their ways and set them to work—

*Set them to work to help us all—neighbors working to-
gether.*

We hired the money and bought the wires.

It's our own power and our own light.

And it will belong to all of us—all of us here together.

It's a friendly sound when the motor whirs.

It's a friendly sight when the lights go on.

*It's the light and power we've never had—but we've got
it now—together."*

—From Stephen Vincent Benet's Commentary for "Power and the Land."

"... There must be sources of production other than for profit. Real and creative thought must be about real things. Let the cinema explore outside the limits of what we are told constitutes entertainment. Let the cinema attempt the dramatization of the living scene, the living themes springing from the living

present instead of from the synthetic fabrication of the studios. . . . Let the cinema recognize the existence of real men and women, real things and real issues."—Paul Rotha, *Documentary Film*.

"Drab conditions of daily occupations, lack of opportunity for individual obli-

gation and collective enthusiasm, both apparently an inevitable part of modern life in a Western existence, are certain obstacles to the growth of social realization and combine to make it easier for worthless entertainment to be passed off on the people in their search for relaxation."—Ibid.

"Creative Treatment of Reality"

IF it means anything, if it is to survive, a film must serve a purpose beyond itself."

That's strong medicine for those movie-makers who insist that movies should be made for just one purpose—to help folks lose themselves for a few hours in the never-never land of the screen. But that an up-to-now untouched audience awaits such a theory being put into practice is proved by the new interest in documentaries, just beginning to appear on the American film horizon.

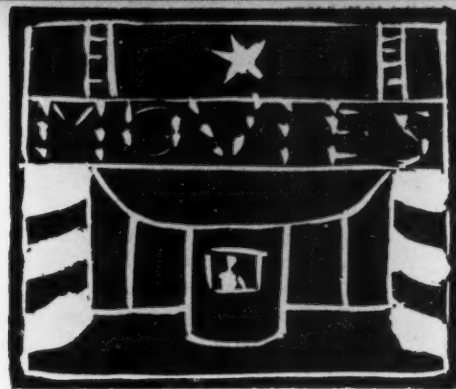
The purpose of the documentary is to show men and women in their relationships to the world they live in, to set in focus the forces which make or break their daily living patterns; it has nothing to do with an anti-social star system. Instead of fiction, it sets forth facts, but these facts are treated creatively: the causes and results are set forth dramatically, truth is let in through straight-forward events. In this way, it differs from a newsreel, travelogue or ordinary educational film.

Documentaries had their real beginning in America in 1920 when Robert Flaherty brought back *NANOOK* from the frozen north. This was a simple picturization of life in an Eskimo village, but done with an imaginative camera and edited with dramatic skill. It had a theme: man's effort to bend the forces of nature to provide him with the means of existence. Producer after producer turned down the film—"no love interest, no stars." Finally Pathé released it, and is probably still wondering why it was a smash hit. Paramount then sent Flaherty to the South Seas. He came back with *MOANA*, an idyll showing the ceremonies of the natives in preparation for manhood. His backers added scenes by Hollywood actors and billed the film as "the love life of a South Sea siren," so Flaherty went to educational bodies and found a new audience and a new appreciation for what he was attempting. He resisted financial offers to take a group of "stars" to the South Seas and do another hit, and went to England. After two years' work he brought out *MAN OF ARAN*, perhaps the most perfect example of the documentary method—its theme again man's struggle to win his livelihood from unfriendly sea and soil; its effect again something beautiful, "real" beyond description.

Other early documentaries were Vertov's experiments in Russia about 1923, Cavalcanti's realistic pictures of life in France about 1926, Ruttman in Germany with *BERLIN* in 1927, Grierson's *DRIFTERS* in England in 1929.

In 1928 Great Britain had decided to promote appreciation for trade with the empire. One of the forty-five departments created for research was a film unit. Out of this unit came the work of John Grierson, and, subsequently, England's greatest contribution to cinema art. When the trade promotion program was over, the unit was taken over by the Government Post Office, and the documentary had come to England to stay. In no other country has it gained such importance and popularity.

Not until the United States Government started producing documentaries was any real interest shown in such films in this country—although educational films for teaching purposes were gaining in production yearly. Pare Lorentz, now acclaimed a master of the art, turned out *THE PLOW THAT BROKE THE PLAINS* and *THE RIVER*, dramatic presentations by music, poetry and camera of America's problem of conservation. Other government films have followed, among them the impressive *FIGHT FOR LIFE*, showing the work of a maternity center in a city slum, and *POWER AND THE LAND*, setting forth the change in rural life wrought by the formation of co-operatives to obtain electric power. Coming is *THE LAND*, for which Robert Flaherty returned from England and in the making of which he spent eighteen months of travel and research.



If You Are Interested

The American Film Center, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, has been set up to advise and promote the documentary field. Its monthly magazine, *Film News*, is packed with information.

Documentary Film, by Paul Rotha, pioneer in the British field, is the complete and entertaining story of all that has gone before, together with the formulation of a philosophy about the whole thing (W. W. Norton, New York, 1939). . . . There are also illuminating chapters in Lewis Jacob's *Rise of the American Film* (Harcourt Brace, New York, 1939).

Information about a series of documentary films under the general title, *Living History*, which was shown during the winter by the Association of Documentary Film Producers and the Institute of Arts and Sciences at Columbia University, may be obtained by writing to the Institute.

Except for the most recent releases, many of the government documentaries and some others are now available on 16 mm. film for school and church use. The Office of Education, Washington, D. C., will send a complete list of all government films with information on how to get them.

Information about *THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO* may be obtained from Stacy Woodward, Preview Theater, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

The American motion picture is a national and international phenomenon of our own generation. Within living memory we have seen it born and grow up into full maturity. We have seen the American motion picture become foremost in the world. We have seen it reflect our civilization throughout the rest of the world—the aims and aspirations and ideals of a free people and of freedom. That is the real reason that some governments do not want our American films exhibited in their countries. Dictators—those who enforce the totalitarian form of government—think it a dangerous

MARGARET FRANKS EDITOR

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thing for their unfortunate peoples to know that in our democracy officers of the government are the servants, never the masters of the people. . . .

We have been seeking to affirm our faith in the Western world through a wider exchange of culture, of education, of thought, and of free expression among the various nations of this hemisphere. Your industry has utilized its vast resources of talent and facilities in a sincere effort to help the people of this hemisphere to come to know each other. . . .

I do not minimize the importance of the motion picture industry as the most popular medium of mass entertainment. But tonight I want to place the chief emphasis on the service you can render in promoting solidarity among all the people of the Americas. . . .

—President Franklin D. Roosevelt, addressing the awards dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences by radio, February 27, 1941.

Producers no longer have to worry about what nationality to make villains in pictures. Teutonic types are popular, although Italian, Russian and citizens of Axis-partner nations are getting their due.

In the past studios had to be ultra careful to make villains not identifiable as any particular nationality on fear of reprisal by the country indicated.

—*Variety*, March 12, 1941.

Of course, the films are propaganda—if you count demonstrations of the need for better farming methods and of what can be done to reduce the maternal and child death rate in city slums, propaganda. Here is Grierson's distinction: "If the film lends its dramatic aid to any of those powers which have religious mania in them and drive men mad, it is propaganda of the devil. If the film is devoted to saying how men live and should live and where the creative forces fulfilling men's honest needs reside, then it is propaganda that has its roots in a continuing reality and is capable of beauty."

These films are produced for the exploitation of the public need rather than of private profit. Therefore, there has been no fanfare announcing them, no advertising and publicity such as attends productions of the industry. And yet, when the public has a chance to see them, it "goes for them." Formerly the National Board of Review listed only an occasional non-industry film in its weekly estimates; this week's release mentions six, three of them non-commercial.

Of the documentary-type films produced without government sponsorship, *THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO* and *THE CITY* are among the most interesting. The former was made by two brothers who took a long vacation from their regular motion-picture duties and went to Mexico, where they turned out a beautifully produced, dramatic story of one summer in the life of a little Mexican boy and his wild animal friends. *THE CITY* tells rhythmically—in part by symbol—of the way life in our cities has become a mechanical, often ugly, thing, and contrasts the simpler, more secure life in the "green belt" projects. Both these films are now available in 16 mm. form.

Naturally, the industry has not been unaffected by the trend. The more continuous presentation of newsreel sequences, with previous shots inserted to give fuller interpretation, is one sign. MGM's *PASSING PARADE* is an admirable series, and the same company's *CRIME DOESN'T PAY*. Although studio-acted, these have some documentary elements. So does *THE MARCH OF TIME*, which RKO releases, although here again many of the scenes are staged, and so much is taken for granted that they lack the reality and significance of real documentaries.

Some Feature Films

Adam Had Four Sons (Col.) is a quiet film that you will remember for a long time—largely, believe it or not, because of that very quietness. You have a feeling of looking on as events transpire, not of having them acted out for you by people who aren't members of Adam's family at all. And that is an achievement—for movies or any other form of art. The film relates the everyday experiences of a father and his motherless sons, with the love and sacrifice of a governess the thread holding the whole together. The excellence here is the naturalness of atmosphere. Warner Baxter, Ingrid Bergman, Susan Hayward.

Back Street (RKO) is the second filming of the Fannie Hurst novel. Unlike the first version (1932), this one emphasizes the extreme selfishness of the banker who wanted his mistress waiting for him in her lonely flat—plus the prestige and security that went with the wealth and the family in the big house on the Avenue. It's a great argument for the wedding ring. The final death scene is about the most realistic thing of its kind the screen has yet managed; it's pretty hard to live through. Like it, the rest of the film is plausible and convincing, which is quite an accomplishment for a story as dated as this. *Somberly sentimental*. Charles Boyer, Margaret Sullavan.

International Forum (Col.). Not a forum or round table at all, as the posters would have you think. For all the commentators who take part are ardent interventionists, agreeing that we should plunge at once at risk of war or what not—anything to stop Hitler, the anti-Christ. This

is the first of a series proposed on current topics, and we hope the others really come to grips with causes and effects and indicate that this is still a democracy where more than one opinion may at the same time be patriotic. (In the lobby afterwards, a hysterical woman flew into a rage when another woman remarked that she would like to have more proof before she sent her four sons to fight in Germany. "But Hitler wants to do away with God!" shrieked the first lady. "God's bigger than that," the other said quietly.) William L. Shirer, Dorothy Thompson, Linton Wells, Wythe Williams.

The Lady Eve (Para.) is the latest by writer-director-producer Preston Sturges, responsible for *THE GREAT MCGINTY* and *CHRISTMAS IN JULY*, and like those films it has a freshness and a vitality that the films have long been needing. Unlike them, its story is almost too silly to take even with a grain of salt. The film contains some of the cleverest use of the camera yet worked out (blurred vision, for instance, and speeded-up action to indicate confusion). Otherwise, like *MR. AND MRS. SMITH*, it isn't much—rather pointless despite its purpose: delicate satire on the predatory habits of the female. Henry Fonda, Barbara Stanwyck.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, has some of his touches—the importance of things, the use of camera instead of dialogue, surprise outcomes—but they are to no avail, for the story they are wasted on is one of the thinnest ever handed a director. It spins itself out and out, until even the touches aren't enough to hold your interest. Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery.

Tobacco Road (Fox) is made by the same producer and director who gave us *THE GRAPES OF WRATH*, but with a difference. The latter had a definite dramatic interest, and the people were fundamentally inspiring, with problems every audience identified itself with and was concerned to see work out. *TOBACCO ROAD*, on the other hand, has no definite interest; it is just a series of pointless episodes looking generally toward the Lesters' finding \$100 to pay a year's rent on their worn-out farm. It is chiefly comedy, and comedy at the expense of physical infirmities—here mental deficiency—just somehow isn't funny. It is at this point that the film fails in good taste; not in the language or crude habits, for they have been "cleaned up" for the screen version of the play. This is not to say that the film is not well done; it is. There is imaginative photography, and from the whole emerges an unpleasant but compelling picture of degeneracy of both land and people. The difficulty lies in the story—or lack of story—itsself, and in the fact that the situation is set forth but no way out indicated. Here, *comedy is not enough*. Charles Grapewin, Elizabeth Patterson, Marjorie Rambeau, Gene Tierney, William Tracy.

Virginia (Par.) has beautifully photographed scenes of the Virginia countryside in technicolor. That is the reason for seeing it—plus an ethical sense all-too-frequently lacking. A little more care in story construction, the dropping of considerable hokum and a recalling that after all the Civil War is over, would have helped the film. *Partly good, partly so-so*. Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden, Carolyn Lee, Fred MacMurray.

Flight to the West

A Review by

Richard T. Baker



FLIGHT to the West is important drama for two reasons. It's a good play. And it's a penetrating essay in which Mr. Elmer Rice is attempting to say something pertinent to the current scene and the moral issues involved in it. At points the essay outplays the play (notably in the first act), and at other times the drama tends to obscure the thesis. But not too much. It is a story of moment in which characters are real and are working out their salvation in the midst of conflict. By any measurement, that's an important try.

That Mr. Rice has taken as his subject matter a plot close to the debate over lease-lend, all-aid-to-Britain, or however the current slide toward war is besloganed, puts him squarely in the midst of controversy. Pacifists and isolationists will find *Flight to the West* warmongering, just as they found Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night* a call to arms. However, Mr. Rice explores some depths of moral philosophy which do not necessarily imply that the kingdom of God and the British empire are identical. Perhaps he has immediate interventionist aims in mind; I shouldn't be at all surprised if he had. But his play says something more than that.

An Atlantic clipper puts out from Lisbon with an assortment of passengers America-bound. One is a young American cosmopolitan, who has just married a sensitive, responsible young man who happens to be an American Jew. Another is a writer, the scope of whose interest is somewhat on the Wellsian scale, who obviously reflects Mr. Rice's own mind. Another is a passionate Belgian mother, who has twice seen the Louvain library destroyed by Germans, and who has vowed to take vengeance someday. She is escaping to America with her husband, blinded by the war, and her two children. The other principal in the cast is, of course, the Nazi. He is on a diplomatic mission to the States, which is another way of saying a spy. Chief of the lesser lights in the cast is a Texas oil operator, who believes in "doing business" with the Nazis rather than fighting them. It is a beautiful assortment of individuals to have on your hands. Each one represents an inherent dramatic interest, and

with the Clipper above the Atlantic there is not much for them to do to get away from you.

The Nazi is the center of dramatic interest. The play is obviously his way pitted against that of the others. He is explicit. He says what is his gospel, frankly and unashamed. It is a gospel which is devouring the earth, and the young Jewish husband is sorely tried in the face of it. Once a pacifist, he at last admits that when he gets to New York he is going to join the air force to combat the monster. When the Belgian mother finds the Nazi diplomat's hand at the cheek of her child, the plot is out of the bag. She finds a revolver, points it at the man whom she hates and fires. But the fine young Jew thwarts her intention by leaping for her hand and receiving the bullet in the pit of his own stomach.

Here, then, are the elements of Mr. Rice's drama. The author goes to the diplomat and asks him how the Nazi doctrine would explain the thing that the Jew has done. The Nazi replies that

it is sentimental and romantic, a confused act which takes place because the man's mind is "warped by the corrosive philosophy of liberalism and the insidious poison of Jewish mysticism." The author, however, concludes later to the young wife that her husband's act has cleared the problem for him. It pitted against the "rational madness" of the Nazi system the "irrational sanity" of an act which goes beyond the requirements of justice into the marginal area of activity which cannot be reasoned but is nonetheless sane.

The first observation I want to make concerns the performance itself. In the New York theater on the night this reviewer was present, the appeaser, the oilman, had the orchestra, and the rest of the cast had the balcony. Apparently the three-thirties believe in democracy which means doing business with the unjust and the immoral, while the dollar-tens have a keener sense of justice. While the balconies hissed the oil operator, the orchestra applauded. It is just an interesting sidelight, but it says something



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Motiv...

	Your Dates	Church and Civic Days	Events That Shaped the World
1		All Fools' Day	1564 April Fools' or All Fools' Day probably had its beginnings in France about 1564
2			1866 President Johnson declared the war between the States at an end
3			1860 The "Pony Express" from Missouri to California officially inaugurated
4			1925 Commercial transmission of pictures by wire began
5			1614 Pocahontas married to John Rolfe, resulting in peace for Virginia Colony with the Indians
6		Palm Sunday American Conservation Old Lady Day Week begins	1909 Robert E. Peary reached the North Pole
7		Monday of Holy Week	1927 First successful demonstration of television made; Secretary Hoover in Washington shown in New York
8		Tuesday of Holy Week	1513 Ponce de Leon landed in Florida
9		Spy Wednesday	1865 General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox 1866 Civil Rights Bill became law, passed over presidential veto
10		Holy Thursday—or Maundy Thursday	1841 <i>New York Tribune</i> established by Horace Greeley
11		Good Friday	1713 The Peace of Utrecht concluded which ended the 12 years' war for the throne of Spain
12		Holy Saturday	1893 American Railway Union, including all railroad employees, organized at Chicago
13		Easter Sunday	1598 The Edict of Nantes permitted Protestant lords to have full exercise of religion in their houses
14		Easter Monday Pan-American Day	1847 Brigham Young with a large party of Mormons left Council Bluffs for the far West
15		Easter Tuesday	1865 President Lincoln died from shot received at Ford's Theatre, Washington
16			1895 China and Japan signed treaty of peace
17			1858 "Sons of Vulcan" union organized. Later became Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers
18			1775 Paul Revere made his famous ride
19		Patriots' Day	1775 Battle of Lexington began the Revolutionary War
20		Low Sunday	1851 First electric railroad inaugurated from Washington to Blandenburg, Maryland
21			1828 Webster's <i>Dictionary</i> published
22			1896 International Arbitration Congress met in Washington, D. C.
23		Youth strike against war St. George—Patron Saint of England	1838 First vessel arrived from across the Atlantic under steam power
24		National Wild Flower Day	1800 The Library of Congress founded by purchase of \$5,000 worth of books
25		St. Mark, Evangelist	1754 First play, "The Fair Penitent," given in Philadelphia by an English company, under William Hallam
26		Confederate Memorial Day Boys' and Girls' Week begins	1866 Confederate Memorial Day first observed on the suggestion of Mrs. Mary A. Williams of Columbus, Georgia
27		Second Sunday after Easter	1905 Andrew Carnegie gave \$10,000,000 for pension fund for college professors
28			1780 Lafayette, 22 years old, landed in Boston, bringing commission from the government of France
29			1925 Rena Sabin, physiologist, Johns Hopkins Medical School, became first woman member National Academy of Science
30		Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church	1803 Signing of the treaty under which Louisiana was purchased from France for \$15,000,000

Lives of Great Men All Remind Us		Lift Up Your Heads	
ance	William Harvey, 1578-1657. Discoverer of circulation of blood	God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in trouble, Psalm 46: 1.	1
end	Edmund Rostand, 1868-1918. French dramatist	The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Psalm 46: 7.	2
ated	Hans Christian Andersen, 1805-1875. Danish. Fairy tales	In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast. Psalm 57: 1.	3
	Sergei Rachmaninov, 1873—. Russian pianist and composer	Thou hast been my defense and refuge in the day of my trouble. Psalm 59: 16.	4
ginia	Washington Irving, 1783-1859. Essayist, historian, humorist	The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble. Psalm 9: 9.	5
	Edward Everett Hale, 1822-1909. Clergyman, humanitarian	I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in him will I trust. Psalm 91: 2.	6
	George Pierce Baker, 1866-1935. Author. Teacher of the technique of playwriting	But the Lord is my defense and my God is the rock of my refuge. Psalm 94: 22.	7
	Joseph Lister, 1827-1912. English surgeon	O Lord, my strength and my fortress, and my refuge in the day of affliction. Jeremiah 16: 19.	8
over	Booker T. Washington, 1856-1915. Negro educator	In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. John 14: 2.	9
	Raphael Sanzio, 1483-1520. Italian painter	I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight. Isaiah 45: 2.	10
	William Wordsworth, 1770-1850. English Lake poet	Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee. Isaiah 41: 10.	11
	William Ellery Channing, 1780-1842. American Unitarian	The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Deuteronomy 33: 27.	12
	Lorenzo de'Medici, 1449-1492, surnamed "The Magnificent." Florentine statesman and patron of art and letters	I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness. Psalm 17: 15.	13
r for	Francois Rabelais, 1495-1553. French humorist	Truth shall spring out of the earth. Psalm 85: 11.	14
ized	William Hazlitt, 1778-1830. English essayist	I, the Lord, have created. Isaiah 45: 8.	15
	William Booth, 1829-1912. Founder of the Salvation Army	Now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. Romans 13: 11.	16
rcise	Edward Everett, 1794-1865. American statesman and orator	I shall bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. Psalm 34: 1.	17
bluffs	Henry Clay, 1777-1852. Noted Kentucky statesman and orator	I have been with you in all seasons. Acts 20: 18.	18
ash-	Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826. Third President, author the Declaration of Independence, founder Univ. of Virginia	My refuge is in God. Psalm 62: 7.	19
As-	Elijah E. Hoss, 1849-1919. Bishop, "father of Southern Methodism"	For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations. Isaiah 61: 11.	20
	Horace Bushnell, 1802-1876. New England theologian	Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth; and break forth in singing, O mountains. Isaiah 49: 13.	21
	Henry James, 1843-1916. Novelist	For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. Solomon's Song 2: 11.	22
	Bliss Carman, 1861-1929. American poet	The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come. Solomon's Song 2: 12.	23
	Anatole France, 1844-1924. French author and critic	All my springs are in thee. Psalm 87: 7.	24
	John M. Synge, 1871-1909. Irish dramatist	His children shall have a place of refuge. Proverbs 14: 26.	25
	Adrian C. ("Pop") Anson, 1852-1922. One of the greatest of all baseball players	For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in distress, a refuge from the storm,	26
	Clarence Darrow, 1857-1938. Lawyer	A shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall. Isaiah 25: 4.	27
burg,	Jose Echegaray, 1835-1916. Spanish dramatist	The pastures of the wilderness do spring, for the tree beareth her fruit, the fig tree and the vine do yield their strength. Joel 2: 22.	28
	Benjamin Disraeli, 1804-1881. English Prime Minister	The hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it. Isaiah 41: 20.	29
	Daniel Chester French, 1850-1931. Sculptor		30
	David Brainerd, 1718-1747. Missionary to Indians		
	Friedrich Froebel, 1782-1852. German educator		
	Reginald Heber, 1783-1826. Anglican bishop. Song writer		
	Immanuel Kant, 1724-1804. German philosopher		
	Madame de Stael, 1766-1817. French writer		
er	William Shakespeare, 1564-1616		
th of	Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, 1547-1616. Spanish writer		
glish	Edmund Cartwright, 1743-1823. English clergyman. Inventor of power loom and a wool-combing machine		
	Oliver Cromwell, 1599-1658. English statesman		
Mrs.	Guglielmo Marconi, 1874—. Italian electrical engineer		
llege	David Hume, 1711-1776. British philosopher and historian		
from	Daniel Defoe, 1661-1731. Writer. Author "Robinson Crusoe"		
came	U. S. Grant, 1822-1885. Eighteenth President		
from	Edward Gibbon, 1737-1794. English historian		
	James Monroe, 1758-1831. Fifth President		
	Lorado Taft, 1860-1936. American sculptor		
	Franz Lehar, 1870—. Hungarian composer, "Merry Widow"		

about the instinctive moral judgment of the folks farthest away from luxury.

The second observation has to do with Mr. Rice's dénouement of the moral tangle he makes for himself. Here I don't agree entirely with him. He says that Nazism represents "rational insanity," while the act of the Jewish man was "irrational" but "sane." I don't think that Mr. Rice's analysis goes deep enough at this point. Let us look a moment at rationalism and all it stood for in the life of Europe and America up until a few years (or months) ago. Rationalism was the creed that man's mind was the measurement of all things. It was the creed which heaped scorn upon faith as an ally of religion, upon revelation as a means of knowing the greater mysteries of existence, upon all objective authorities which were not comprehensible to human reason. Christianity tried to make its pact with rationalism, evolved a weak humanism, and the effort never went through.

Now the time has come when rationalism is out of favor. The element of the "irrational," that is, the truth which transcends our power to understand it, is re-entering life from every side. Why has the other-ness of religion become such a central concern? Why are neo-Buddhists withdrawing from society to practice *yogi*? The Nazi revolt is part of the same irrational revolt against the sufficiency of human reason. Why has Hitler delved into the murky origins of race and produced a myth? (Myth—the very word is irrational!) Why is "Obey!" the central command? Mr. Rice is quite wrong to call Nazism rational. It may be cold and calculating in its method, but it slaps at reason as one of the fictions of the plutocratic world. It makes truth, not by rational discovery of it, but by asserting it, yelling it, demanding it. Nazism, then, is more accurately described as "irrational insanity."

Right now you see the terrific relevance for the Christian. Our faith is irrational too. No amount of human reason, nor cold logic, could ever explain the one impetuous, instinctive, good act which that young Jew did in throwing himself before the gun of that Belgian mother. That's the irrational; that's the cross which was foolishness to the Greeks. But it was the wisdom of God, and it says to man, believe on me, even though you cannot understand. The final resource of the Christian message, that which makes it a faith beyond all others, is this consummate irrationality of the cross. The act of the young Jew, then, is quite exactly described as "irrational sanity."

I wish Mr. Rice had called the conflict one between the irrationally insane and the irrationally sane. This is a more terrific conflict, because it places Nazism

On Appreciating Music Through Books

Robert Luccock

WRITING books about music is somewhat like writing about the joys of delicious food. From the pen of an artist it may be provocative and stimulating, may even make the mouth water and arouse a craving appetite. But until the food has actually been tasted and its delights experienced, all the books in the world will still leave us hungry. So with music. There is no short cut to music appreciation through books. It may be biologically unsound, but most music lovers will understand that music itself appeals to a different sense than books about music, and what is apprehended through one set of feelings can, with difficulty, be transferred to the other. Then why books on music?

For one thing, there are a few books which can do a lot to open up a better understanding of the greatest music, books which try to interpret to our minds what the composer wished to say in his music and how he sought to give expression to these ideas and feelings. This cannot always be done successfully, for much of the finest music is beyond verbal analysis; the greatest composers left no literal exposition of their musical ideas and purposes. But our appreciation can be vastly enriched if we comprehend the forms in which the composer wrote, if we more fully become aware of the devices used to create distinctive moods and impressions. Books can often lead to a deeper penetration of the music by pointing out the composer's use of contrasts, his employment of the different instruments of the orchestra, the varied patterns of rhythm, the use of harmony to create expressive effects, the infinite variety of melody. All this is music; to understand it is to come much closer to the heart of the music we love.

There are other books whose value is in their historical perspective. Music ought to be understood both for its place in the whole history of music and also

in the life of the composer. Thus one discovers that Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, for the most part small works for the eighteenth century orchestra, while Sibelius has written but seven, these on the whole large symphonies, rugged in character, bold in conception. Mozart's attention was to form, simplicity of melodic line, grace and delicate beauty of musical ideas. Beethoven, absorbed with titanic, universal forces of life and destiny, makes of the symphony something quite different from Mozart—the two are hardly to be compared. Thus does background and biography add to our enjoyment of and feeling for music.

Then there is the book taken as a guide to particular works of music. If we look at another form of artistic appreciation, we see that there are two ways one may experience a great Gothic cathedral. One is to stand off and, at a glance or through extended contemplation, comprehend it in its entirety, experience its total effect. The other is with some sort of guide to explore carefully the various parts that, taken together, create the whole. Great music often may be likened to the cathedral, and in the latter type of careful appreciation books may serve as guides. But just as a guide to a cathedral is of only academic interest five thousand miles away from the buildings, so a guide book to music is of relatively little value apart from the experience of the music itself. And further, reading about the music can at best be merely a suggestion of what is there to be divined, apprehended through careful hearing. Ours is a time when the cathedrals of music must stand as a source of strength, inspiration and perspective while life is being tested and shaken. Perhaps from some of these books one may discover the greatness of music for the first time, or re-discover deeply loved favorites with new freshness.

in the same position of revolt as is the Christian. This is why Nazism is such total corruption, because it is the good gone bad. It is the evil pretending to be good, and is the very devil for its pretense. I wish Mr. Rice had taken up his

problem from here. He would have had a greater dramatic conflict on his hands and would have had to write a book of *Revelations* to get out of it.

[*Flight to the West* is published by Coward-McCann. Price, \$2.00.]



Arturo Toscanini

The N.B.C. Symphony concludes its season of radio concerts this month under Arturo Toscanini. His final concert of the year on Saturday evening, April 19, will be a benefit concert held in Carnegie Hall. At that performance he will share the spot-light with his own son-in-law, distinguished pianist, Vladimir Horowitz. Horowitz, recently recovered from a hand injury, will be heard in the B Flat Minor Concerto on an all-Tschaikowsky program. This concerto with all its power and brilliance is the perfect show piece for the agile flying fingers of Horowitz. The combination of Horowitz and this music never fails to electrify an audience. For sheer intensity and grandeur of

Toscanini---Horowitz

musical expression there is scarcely any music to match the opening measures of the B Flat Minor Concerto, with the powerful statement of the theme by the brasses against the sweeping fortissimo chords of the piano.

By contrast the simplicity of the lyrical second movement is immediate in its appeal; Tschaikowsky doesn't need to be noisy to be effective. The music of the final rondo again makes almost incredible demands on the soloist, particularly in the broad upward surge of the music approaching the final climax. The closing measures bring us back again almost to the mood of the very opening of the concerto. Whether this concerto is as sustained throughout as some other great works in the same genre is a much debated question that matters very little one way or the other. If you are capable of being thrilled at all by great music, Horowitz and Toscanini should bring on that tingling response that all music lovers recognize in the presence of something that reaches their musical feelings.

This same triple combination of Horowitz, Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony make the record headlines of the month with their new album of the Brahms B Flat Concerto (Victor-740, \$6.50). Long awaited (the recording was made almost a year ago), this set is truly a performance of great beauty. All the richness and warmth of Brahms' lovely music comes alive under Toscanini's baton. This concerto is perhaps the most fully orchestrated of all the works in this



A DEPARTMENT EDITED BY
ROBERT LUCCOCK

form in our musical repertory. Indeed it has been described as another Brahms symphony with extended piano accompaniment. It cannot be said, however, that it fares best in the hands of Horowitz. Turning back to the older version done by Arthur Schnabel with the B.B.C. Symphony (Victor-305, \$6.50) one is impressed by the greater fullness of tone and depth of feeling in Schnabel's playing. Whether it is the instrument Horowitz used or the hall in which the recording was made, there is something that makes his reading sound thin, at times superficial. The song-like spirit, now unfolding in whimsical sprightliness, now spreading a great peace over the music, seems frequently just beyond the reach of Horowitz; it is everywhere present with Schnabel. One should hear both recordings, for you may prefer the slightly greater clarity and brilliance of the new set, and the musicianship of Horowitz is not to be gainsaid.

Books on General Music Appreciation

Introduction to Music by Martin Bernstein (Prentice Hall).

A recent book of considerable amplitude provides an attractive, stimulating introduction to music in a way that unfolds with increasing interest as it is read through. Written by a professor at N.Y.U., it is scholarly without becoming text-bookish. For the person who wants to know what music is and how it may better be enjoyed this volume is excellent. The bibliography appended to each part should be very helpful.

Discovering Music by McKinney and Anderson (American Book Company).

There is nothing finer than this book in its field. Filled with lists of rep-

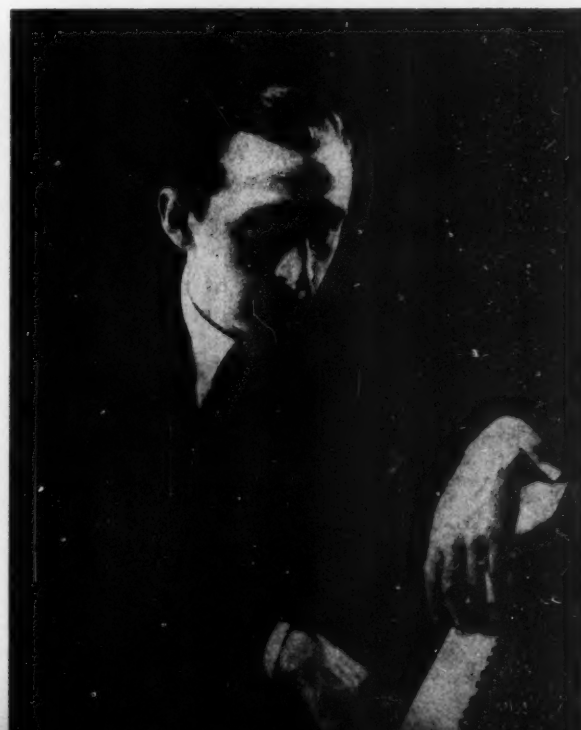
resentative selections from various types of music and excellent commentary on the music itself, it forms the ideal introduction to appreciation. An exceedingly fine book to use either from the library or from your own shelf. One finds here also unusually penetrating discussions of some of the greater symphonies. A first rate investment for the music shelf in the college or house library.

Music for Fun by Sigmund Spaeth (Whittlesey House).

The Art of Enjoying Music by Sigmund Spaeth (Garden City).

As a general rule Spaeth's books on music appreciation are to be avoided. The meaning and character of the music he distorts by sentimentalizing it and reading a lot of silly ideas (tune detectives) into it that do not add

Vladimir Horowitz



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anything to our real understanding. These two, however, are somewhat better than the rest. Both are easy reading, illuminating in their discussion of how to get fun out of great music.

Approach to Music by Lawrence Abbott (Farrar and Rinehart).

Assistant to Walter Damrosch on the Music Appreciation hour (don't let that scare you!), Mr. Abbott has had wide experience in opening up music to the uninitiated. Pleasantly written.

The Record Book by David Hall (Smith and Durell).

Though primarily concerned with music on records, this splendid volume commends itself as well for its discussion of the nature of the music and suggestions for becoming acquainted with it through stages of growth. For the person already somewhat at home with music. (See *motive*, February.)

Of Men and Music by Deems Taylor.

The Well Tempered Listener by Deems Taylor.

A Smattering of Ignorance by Oscar Levant.

Three books of delightful essays by two well known radio personalities. Listening to music is fun when it's done this way.

Guides to Great Music

In general let it be said that too much attention need not be paid to the details of music until one recognizes the music by sound, and in an untutored way knows it as a whole. In other words, don't bother about the inversion of the second theme in the recapitulation of the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony until that Symphony begins to seem like an old friend and you want to study it in more detail. A reading of the program notes or the guide book before going to concert or hearing something on the radio is a good thing by way of placing it in your mind and knowing that you are to hear a Tchaikowsky symphony and not a Bach Suite. But trying to study music out in detail from a guide book is not recommended procedure at concerts or during most radio performances. There is no quicker way to smother a love of music than to try dissecting it before you even know what it is. With this caution in mind any of the following are good.

The Victor Book of the Symphony by Charles O'Connell (Simon and Schuster).

By far the most complete and thorough book of its sort to be had. Incidentally one of the few books in which there is discussion of the great concerti.

Symphonic Masterpieces by Olin Downes (Tudor).

A book of very revealing essays, written with penetrating imagination by the critic of the *New York Times*. **Standard Concert Guide** by Felix Borowski (Blue Ribbon Books).

Long a popular favorite (published in 1908) this is now published by Blue Ribbon Books in a boxed set together with the **Standard Opera Guide** and the **Biographical Dictionary of Musicians** for \$3.00. An excellent buy.

Great Concert Music by Philip Hale (Program Notes for the Boston Symphony) (Garden City).

Inadequate in its detailed presentation of the music, it is as finely written as any book in the field for its wealth of background material and revealing anecdote or side-light on the music.

The Story of One Hundred Symphonic Favorites by Paul Grabbe (Grossett and Dunlap).

A vest-pocket edition, suitable for concert going. The comments and discussion are succinctly compressed into small space, yet all that one would reasonably want is there on each of the works considered. It is soundly written and for fifty cents is a buy to be considered seriously.

Books on the Opera

Stories of the Great Operas by Ernest Newman (Garden City).

By all odds the finest book ever done on the popular discussion of opera. Newman is a great scholar (particularly a student of Wagner) and a wonderfully lucid writer. Formerly in three volumes, now available in a single book, it seems indispensable for complete enjoyment of the Saturday afternoon performances from the "Met." Thirty of the best loved operas are presented in careful detail with unusual attention to both music and story. For the standard works this is the book to get. It should be in your library.

Opera Goer's Complete Guide by Melitz (Garden City). \$1.49.

To be preferred only because of the greater number of operas discussed. If it is simply the most familiar operas you are interested in, stick to Newman's book.

Complete Opera Book by Gustav Kobbe (G. Putnam). \$5.00.

A much better book than Melitz though much more expensive. This book is in the way of a standard classic.

Victor Book of the Opera (R. C. A. Victor).

Does the same thing as the others—has the advantage of fine illustrations.

Opera Front and Back by Howard Taubman (Scribner's).

For those who want to go "back-stage" at the opera, this is a most enjoyable (and fascinatingly illustrated) book. Everything from the delicate disposition of the prima donna to the box office problem of the Metropolitan Mr. Taubman discusses engagingly.

Biography and History

Three very good musical biographies have recently aroused our interest in three very different composers, Bach, Schumann, Wagner. **Clara Schumann**, by John Burk (Random House), is a most absorbing picture of the wife of Robert Schumann and an excellent picture of a cross section of musical Europe in the middle of the last century. **The Life and Times of Johann Sebastian Bach** by Hendrick Van Loon (Simon and Schuster) provides us with many hours of delightful reading. Not a definitive biography of Bach by any means, it is nevertheless a very worthy survey of Bach's period in history. Van Loon writes with pungency and wit, never hesitating to intrude himself and his own ideas into the midst of the 18th century. Somehow this does not interfere with the kind of popular work that he is here doing. Accompanying the book is a set of four records of Bach's piano music poorly selected but excellently played by Grace Castagnetta. This boxed combination of book and records is a novel idea worthy of note in itself and as an indication of future possibilities for publishing. **The Life of Richard Wagner, Vol. III**, by Ernest Newman (Alfred Knopf) carries us through the Tristan and Meistersinger years of Wagner's exciting life. These were the years of Wagner's greatest emotional upheavals; in this new volume Newman has made them a reality for us. Almost inexhaustible details make the picture engrossing, yet we never lose sight of the essential man for all of the minutiae in Newman's big book. This will be the great life of Wagner when it is complete; let us hope that Newman will be spared to finish his work in England in the years just ahead!

It cost about 75 cents to kill a man in Caesar's time. The price rose to about \$3,000 per man during the Napoleonic wars; to \$5,000 in the American Civil War, and then to \$21,000 per man in the World War. Estimates for the present war indicate that it may cost the warring countries not less than \$50,000 for each man killed.

—Senator Homer T. Bone.

India

Toward Freedom

A Review by
Malcolm Slack Pitt

IT IS with a great deal of satisfaction that we greet the American edition of the autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru. Its predecessor, published in England in 1936, went through eight reprintings between April and August of that year. The present edition should meet with favor in this country and elsewhere.

For this is a great autobiography. It is written with a singular unself-consciousness, but is also singularly revealing. It is not only a man whose autobiography is being written; it may be said to be a self-record of an ancient nation in the process of renaissance. The life of Nehru spans the critical period in India nationalism. This writing, however, states issues which are universal, and states them with great clarity, simplicity, and beauty of language. As a work of literature, it is that autobiography which appears once in a long period of time.

Jawaharlal himself is a man of statesmanship, of scholarship, a leader of his people in their social, economic and political struggles, yet withal a man of great simplicity and true Indianness. Born of a family emancipated from the older social sanctions of organized Hindu society, he could observe Indian life and thought more objectively than one born into an orthodox setting. This fact he looks upon as both an advantage and a handicap—an advantage in that there are no hurdles of tradition to be negotiated, particularly in his approach to his own western training; a disadvantage, in that it robbed him of his natural birthright of an intimate feeling for the culture patterns of India's history. One of the most poignant statements in the whole autobiography is the following which appears in the epilogue:

Indeed, I often wonder if I represent any one at all, and I am inclined to think that I do not, though many have kindly and friendly feelings towards me. I have become a queer mixture of the East and West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere. Perhaps my thoughts and approach to life are more akin to what is called Western than Eastern, but India clings to me, as she does to all her children, in innumerable ways; and behind me lie, somewhere in the subconscious, racial memories of a hundred, or whatever the number may be, generations of Brahmans. I cannot get rid of either that past inheritance or my recent acquisitions. They are both part of me, and, though they help me in both the East and the West, they also create in me a feeling of spiritual loneliness not only in public activities but in life itself. I am a stranger and alien in the West. I cannot be of it. But in my own country also, sometimes, I have an exile's feelings.

The distant mountains seem easy of access and climbing, the top beckons, but, as one approaches, difficulties appear, and the higher one goes the more laborious becomes the journey and the summit recedes into the clouds. Yet the climbing is worth the effort and has its own joy and satisfaction. Perhaps it is the struggle that gives value to life, not so much the ultimate result. Often it is difficult to know which is the right path; it is easier sometimes to know what is not right, and to avoid that is something after all. If I may quote, with all humility, the last words of the great Socrates: "I know not what death is—it may be a good thing, and I am not afraid of it. But I do know that it is a bad thing to desert one's past, and I prefer what may be good to what I know to be bad."

The new edition has undergone some changes. It has been titled, *Toward Freedom*. Some of the matter of the first edition has been excluded. I have not had time to check where the omissions are. But most fortunately there has been the inclusion of material on the period between 1936 and August of 1940, which brings the autobiography almost up to date. There have also been included two new appendices—the statement issued by the Congress Working Committee on the war, September 15, 1939, and a delightful excerpt from the article taken from the *Modern Review* in which Jawaharlal anonymously opposes his own election for President of the Indian National Congress. This one little page and a half alone reveals the humor of Jawaharlal, and his fear of taking himself and his own popular leadership too seriously. It also expresses exceedingly well his attitude toward varying political ideologies of the day.

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THE DEFEAT OF CHAOS. By Sir George Paish. New York, London: D. Appleton-Century Company. 122 pp. \$1.00.

A leading British economist looks toward the day when, having jointly thwarted Hitler's efforts to dominate the world, Great Britain and the United States may together bring about a new world order and permanent peace. Means toward that end would include opening of the world market to products of all nations, maintenance of the gold standard, long-term loans, greater utilization of American capital, and encouragement of the smaller nations. Some of the barriers to the realization of this blueprint are dealt with rather glibly—for example (especially in the light of Nehru's book): "There are also a variety of social problems in India which demand attention." R. R.

HOW AMERICA LIVES. By J. C. Furnas and the staff of "The Ladies' Home Journal." New York: Henry Holt and Company. 372 pp. \$3.00.

The sharecropping Henry Braceys, sixteen in number, occupy a three-room shack in Mississippi and had \$26 in cash to live on in 1939. The Thomas E. Wilsons (he is head of a Chicago meat-packing dynasty) divide their time between their town house and a thousand-acre stock farm near suburban Lake Forest. Intimate descriptions of the way they and fourteen other American families running the economic gamut, live, make up this unique book.

How America Lives not only has all the appeal of a good gossip over the back fence or the latest Hardy-family film, but the objectivity and thoroughness with which it has been written give it a great deal of value as a sociological, economic, and cultural study. The closing chapters—"Homes America Lives In," "How America Eats," etc.—summarizing and analyzing the evidence presented, are particularly significant. The book is original in format and profusely illustrated. R. R.

HOLY SUBURB. By Elizabeth Atkins. New York: Dutton. 1941. \$2.50.

A delightful and whimsical story centered around "Epworth College" near Lincoln, Nebraska. An able and pious Nebraska Methodist farmer, a man of strong will, who had been denied the opportunity of an education, determines to educate his children in a community of moral rectitude. Retiring to the city he settles his family near Epworth College, where the story unrolls as they secure their education and find their places within the community.

The author is an Assistant Professor in the University of Minnesota. It is her first novel. It is fairly well written, though sometimes it is a little too self-conscious in style. It abounds with good wit, with gentle sarcasm, and with a wholesome dash of nostalgia as it portrays the late Victorian naivete. Its reading is a very relaxing experience.

R. P. M.

Richard Wright Receives Spingarn Medal

Richard Wright will be awarded the Spingarn Medal for high achievement by an American Negro during 1940, the award committee of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has announced. The award will be made at the Association's annual conference in June, at Houston, Texas. The medal is given annually for "the highest achievement during the preceding year in any honorable field of endeavor," by an American Negro. Established in 1914 by Joel E. Spingarn, the medal is continued since his death in 1939 by a trust fund set up in his will.

The award committee cited Mr. Wright "for his powerful depiction in his books, 'Native Son' and 'Uncle Tom's Children,' of the effects of proscription, segregation and denial of opportunities to the American Negro," presenting to Americans "who have eyes to see a picture which must be faced if democracy is to survive."

Now 32 years old, Mr. Wright began in 1931 to publish short stories and poems in numerous periodicals. In 1938 Harper issued four of his long short stories in the book "Uncle Tom's Children," which won the *Story Magazine* Fiction Prize for the Federal Writers Project authors. In March, 1940, Harper published "Native Son," which sold over 250,000, including Book-of-the-Month Club copies. An enlarged edition of "Uncle Tom's Children" was issued by Harper last fall.

—From *Publishers' Weekly*.

Adamic Wins Anisfield Award

The John Anisfield Award, annual \$1,000 prize for the outstanding book on race relations, has been awarded to Louis Adamic for his book, "From Many Lands," published by Harper in the fall. Established in 1934, the prize is administered by Henry Seidel Canby, Henry Pratt Fairchild and Donald Young. Mr. Adamic, who is editor of the magazine *Common Ground*, was given an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters at Temple University on February 14.

John Oxenham

John Oxenham, novelist and poet, died on January 24, at Worthing, Sussex, England. He took some pains to conceal his identity but it is generally believed that his real name was W. A. Dunkerly and that he was over eighty years of age. Mr. Oxenham was educated at Old Trafford School and Victoria



Some of the most interesting matter in *Toward Freedom* is to be found in the last few pages. Jawaharlal confesses that these pages were difficult to write—and, frankly, they do not reach the literary heights of some of his former writings. He expresses it thus:

But a more serious difficulty confronted me. I wrote my autobiography entirely in prison, cut off from outside activity. I suffered from various humors in prison, as every prisoner does; but gradually I developed a mood of introspection and some peace of mind. How am I to capture that mood now, how am I to fit in with that narrative? As I glance through my book again, I feel almost as if some other person had written a story of long ago. The five years that have gone by have changed the world and left their impress upon me. Physically I am older, of course, but it is the mind that has received shock and sensation again and again and has hardened, or perhaps matured. My wife's death in Switzerland ended a chapter of my existence and took away much from my life that had been part of my being. It was difficult for me to realize that she was no more, and I could not adjust myself easily. I threw myself into my work, seeking some satisfaction in it, and rushed about from end to end of India. Even more than in my earlier days, my life became an alternation of huge crowds and intensive activity and loneliness. My mother's death later broke a final link with the past. My daughter was always studying at Oxford, and later under treatment in a sanatorium abroad. I would return to my home from my wanderings almost unwillingly and sit in that deserted house all by myself, trying even to avoid interviews there. I wanted peace after the crowds.

....

And now the catastrophe has come. The volcanoes in Europe spit fire and destruction, and here in India I sit on the edge of another volcano, not knowing when it may burst. It is difficult to tear myself away from the problem of the moment, to develop the mood of retrospection and survey these five years that have gone by, and write calmly about them. And, even if I could do so, I would have to write another big book, for there is so much to say. I shall endeavor, therefore, as best I may, to refer briefly only to certain events and developments in which I have played a part or which have affected me.

He was always on the job. In Munich, in Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War, in China with Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and always at the beck and call of India. His record of the relationship of India to the war, and of imperialism to the issues of the war, will some day be valuable source material for the writing of the history of this age. To tell more would be to mar somewhat the impact of the book itself. It is to be hoped, however, that this work will find a wide reading public who will penetrate beneath the Indian scene into the fundamental issues involved in the whole.

Jawaharlal's attitude toward religion is one of great interest to those of us whose motivation for social change and political freedom is religious. He expresses himself as possessed of a great nostalgia for religion. In personal conference with him, I discovered that same hidden longing. At a meeting of the quadrennial conference of the Student Christian Movement in Allahabad, he expressed great delight that a religious motivation could produce a devotion to political and social ideals such as he found in the Christian Student group. He confesses, however, that he is baffled by such a phenomenon. He and Mr. Gandhi do not meet on a common platform here. Gandhi's political means of Satyagraha (non-violent resistance) are his faith—for Jawaharlal they are expedient. Unfortunately, for India, religion has been a conservative factor which remained long static, and has produced social atrophy until the day of the modern reforms. One cannot but hope that a buoyant progressive faith may one day bring its personal satisfaction and fulfilment to so great a personality as Jawaharlal Nehru, and furnish a motivation without discouragement for the great work in which he is engaged.

—*Toward Freedom*. The Autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru. New York, The John Day Company. 1941. 445 pp. \$4.00.

Czechoslovakia

To Sing with the Angels

A Review by
Raymond P. Morris

SPRING and early summer in Liptowitz were balmy. The long square market place, well swept and cobbled, was flanked by monuments of community pride—the town hall, the library, the post office and the savings bank. They reflected stability, contentment and good nature. High through a grove of maples and chestnuts old St. Andrews lifted its sixteenth century spire holding aloft a golden cross. Liptowitz aspired to peace, went its way with pride and hope. That was 1938.

Happy also was Annichka Mrachek, daughter of the carpenter-mayor, and Jozhka Liebergut, son of the only German family in Liptowitz. For them love was young, it was beautiful, it was unbroken, it was understanding—save for one thing. Jozhka had returned from the Reich with an acquired delusion of German grandeur and German invincibility. Annichka was a Czech, she shared the dream of Masaryk and Benes, she believed in the brightest star of Europe—democratic Czechoslovakia. Here was a fissure which would widen.

Then came German mobilization, bursting like a raucous interloper above the din of a carefree party in the newly renovated wine cellar of Liptowitz. Then Munich, then Nazi penetration, then the move for absorption into the *lebensraum*. The carefree atmosphere gave way to tenseness, then fear, then desperation, then coercion, then futility and sullen resentment. Flaunting the freedom loving peasants the Nazification proceeded apace, life became hard, hearts bitter, cruelty arbitrary and its indulgence unbelievable.

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University, Manchester. His first book, "God's Prisoner," appeared in 1898. Mr. Oxenham's volumes of World War poems were best sellers during the war, and his "Hymn for the Men at the Front," published in 1916, sold 8,000,000 copies. He was the author of some sixty-nine novels and books of verse, among them "A Saint in the Making," "The Hidden Years," "Christ and the Third Wise Man," "The Wonder of Lourdes," and "Cross Roads."

National Book Awards

Booksellers throughout the country have chosen their favorite books. *How Green Was My Valley* by Richard Llewellyn (Macmillan) was named the favorite in fiction. Hans Zinsser's *As I Remember Him* (Little, Brown) was the non-fiction choice, and *Who Walk Alone*, by Perry Burgess (Holt) was voted the Booksellers' Discovery of the Year. Dr. Zinsser died last fall. Richard Llewellyn is in London.

NOTES ON OTHER MAGAZINES

In Waco, Texas, *Motive*, "nominally a quarterly, is published only if and when sufficient material of merit is accumulated." It first appeared in April, 1940. No copy of this mimeographed quarterly has been seen by the reviewer. "*Motive* caters to no given school of literary expression but allows free experimentation on the part of the writer with no restriction as to form or subject matter." We should like to see a copy of our namesake.

* * *

A new pacifist quarterly called *The Phoenix* is edited and published by James Peter Cooney of St. Mary's, Georgia. Its contents are made up of original articles and reprints. The subscription price is two dollars a year.

* * *

Christianity and Crisis, a bi-weekly journal of Christian opinion, began publication on February 14. It is an eight-page magazine containing a basic article by an outstanding authority. By way of introduction, the editors announce that "by our Christian faith we are committed to the realization of a community of nations founded in justice. When men or nations must choose between two great evils, the choice of the lesser evil becomes their duty." "We hold," concludes the statement, "that the halting of totalitarian aggression is prerequisite to world peace and order." That, at

least, is a clear statement. This "special purpose" magazine has Reinhold Niebuhr as its editorial board chairman. The address is 601 West 120th Street, New York City.

* * *

Common Ground is the name of a new periodical published quarterly under the editorship of Louis Adamic. Its aim is "to begin to tell the story of the coming and meeting on this continent of peoples belonging to about sixty different national, racial, and religious backgrounds." "A general magazine with a special focus," it should be valuable to anyone interested in the immigrant and refugee problem in America. It is published by the Common Council for American Unity, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The subscription price is \$2.00.

Browsing in a Book Store

From the time we were just high enough to look over the top of a drug store counter, we have been intrigued with almanacs. We used to walk boldly into a drug store (in those pre-Walgreen days they deserved the name!), look longingly at various lotions and cosmetics, buy nothing but ask meekly and with misgiving if we might have one of the fascinating almanacs and books of general, useful and household information put out by several of the patent medicine houses. What a storehouse of lore these books were! In between fabulous stories of women who were half-dead, but now, thanks to such-and-such pills or compounds, were hale and hearty—doing their washing every week—we read an assortment of miscellaneous facts that would have held any reader of any age. And in the years between we have not lost our love for almanacs. On our desk we have four. *The Old Farmers Almanac* is in its 149th year. Venerable dispenser of useful knowledge with a pronounced New England flavor, its very format is as almanacs should be. Its cover carries pictures of Franklin and Robert B. Thomas (he, the establisher, in 1792) and Currier and Ives-like pictures of scenes to represent the seasons. The title page announcing "new, useful and entertaining matter" is graced with a picture of Father Time, wings, scythe, hour-glass and flowing pitcher to boot! And then a five line stanza taken from the title page of 1869—

"Yet while the world is left, while Nature lasts,
And Man, the best of Nature, there shall be
Somewhere contentment for our human hearts,
Some freshness, some unused material
For wonder and for song."

Nice? Somehow there's comfort in its long

Jozhka is made the official representative of the Nazi for Liptowitz. For Annichka he has become a man she no longer can understand or love. To temper his political extravagances she conceives that if she marries him she may, through his affection, be able to shield her people and remove, as she thinks, the "mask" which has fallen over his face.

This, in outline, is the setting for Maurice Hindus' *To Sing with the Angels*. We know Hindus as a gifted writer. His stories of Russia exhibit an ability to portray life as it is lived by peasants, and they are done in an attractive way. He moves close to life and its involvements, and yet he remains detached in judgment and objectivity. Now he turns to Czechoslovakia, before and after Munich, to scenes which he has witnessed at first hand. What he describes is terrible, it is cruel, it is heartless and almost devoid of hope. How true it is I do not know. It bears the marks of a man who has been shocked, who has been desperately wounded. It is not dispassionate. It is war literature. It tastes that experience which has driven millions from their homes, begotten racial hatred and persecution, filled prison camps, known the terror of the Gestapo, and is made familiar to us by the anxious faces of uprooted humans—the refugees.

To read a book like this is to subject oneself to torture. It is awful in description and implication. It shows how quickly life changes once certain presuppositions drop out. We shall see more of its kind, but among current books Hindus has written as well as any. He has given us a moving, powerful, tragic story of Czech village life whose people "wanted to sing with the angels" but now "must howl with the wolves."

—*To Sing with the Angels*, by Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran and Co. 1941. \$2.75.

Africa

Behind God's Back

A Review by
Anna Brochhausen

TO do justice to this book, *Behind God's Back*, is a difficult task because of the many vivid descriptions, the interesting personalities, the multitude of experiences that Farson had, and the appalling number of problems which Africa presents.

The descriptions range from the breath-taking beauty of some places to such ugly conditions that one wonders how Farson and his wife, Eve, ever endured them. I mention only a few of these. There are the "vleis with fascinating bird life"; Ovamboland—"a book could be written about the beauty of native life" there; Kenya which is "a mode of life lived in a landscape of such grandeur that man himself—any man—is dwarfed by it"; "the beauty of the Sese islands will drive a woman mad"; and then the hundreds of extinct volcanoes across northern Africa with their "nightmare beauty."

In his travels he was entertained by the officials of each region: by English "gentlemen," lords and ladies, French noblemen. In one place an American hostess presided over a Fifth Avenue-like home where he read the latest magazines. Kenya alone "holds more personalities to the square mile than any other section of the British commonwealth." It is impossible to give even a small idea of his innumerable experiences. They range from such pleasant contacts as those hinted at in the foregoing paragraph to the terrifying adventures he had in some other places, especially when on the hunt for a lion, a buffalo, an elephant, or a rhinoceros.

A person is overwhelmed when he thinks of the number of problems to be solved in Africa. The many, many different tribes of natives is only one of these. Some of them still live in a savage state while others show remarkable intelligence under fair treatment. Some have developed historic traditions like the "epic of the trekking Boers" who "will go on and on" as long as the white man tries to enslave them. Are all these tribes to be left to the exploitation of some nations and to that of big business? Sometimes Farson was reminded of slave markets. "Rivers of black flesh stood outside the door of northern labor companies." Shall the deliberate destruction of the Bushman and the Hottentot continue? The mystery of the Society of Leopards who are supposed to be cannibals baffles explanation. How will the unstable state of affairs of the "Settlers'" side and the "officials'" side in Tanganyika be adjusted? Will the white man finally consent to work side by side with the black man? No wonder Farson met "a look of resentment" throughout Africa. In another gen-

eration, will the natives still say as one did: "Nobody knows what happens to us down here . . . behind God's back." Nevertheless, deep in their hearts they have faith in their hearts, they have faith in the white man. One Zulu said, "You had the Bible and we had the land. Now we have the Bible and you have the land." Will we fail them, or will we demonstrate that we are Christians? As one Englishman said, "When we are holding him in the gutter, we are down there with him. When we become decent, then he will have a chance."

In the division, "Up the East Coast," he presents "the Indian Problem in Africa." On invitation, "the Indians poured in like locusts." They are an intelligent group and are good organizers, but the treatment they received caused Gandhi to take the stand he has taken. For a last full measure Farson describes an earthquake in which "the black man behaved better than the white," an earthquake that "brought black and white face to face and shoulder to shoulder in a common sorrow that made you wish with all your heart this decency that was left between them could be fixed, made established so that it could be continued with its normal life."

When at last he left Africa for England, should he have asked his readers as he did ask Eve when she reluctantly sailed for home from Duala, "Haven't you had enough?" many would answer as she did, "No!"

—*Behind God's Back*, by Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1941. 555 pp. \$3.50.

China

Dawn Over Chungking

From any point of view *Dawn Over Chungking* is a tragic book. What makes it still more pathetic is that it is written by young girls subjected to an experience of modern warfare who tell their reactions and who give in their simple, forthright manner the results of total war on human beings. If the results had been anything to cause the reader to take hope, the book might be justified as a picture of the twilight of human relationships. But when one discovers that bombs are not the destroyers of human fortitude and courage, that they steel the soul against the onslaught, that they cannot destroy morale and that they merely intensify resistance—then the reader may well wonder if "there shall be no night." We must invent new and more awful methods of breaking the human spirit.

Because of the fact that the book is written by the three daughters of Lin Yutang—Adet, Anor and Meimei—and that by presenting each one of their contributions separately a distinct charm is added, the more subtle importance of the book might be glossed over. Here is a day by day diary—the account of their three-month pilgrimage to China, of their experiences under bombing and their intensified nationalism which becomes the logical consequence. The story alone would be valuable, even more valuable than Edgar Snow's account in his new book, *The Battle for Asia*, for it is written by delightfully personable youngsters; it is simple and unassuming and therefore all the more affecting. Without doubt, it is the most arresting book that has come out of the war in the Orient. It is effective propaganda—painfully so. Perhaps the method of propaganda is to become the most telling force in a contemporary world.

Many of us in America should be awakened to the frightful mess in China that has been going on for several years. We should be aware of the fact that China has been struggling much longer than England, and with greater odds against her. The book is a direct challenge and a bitter accusation for the anglophiles who see democracy only in England and who feel that war now against Germany is the only way to preserve the possibility of democracy. We have been aiding and abetting the war in China because it has been commercially profitable to us, while we have been advocating defense and aid to Britain. We have given feebly to the Far Eastern Student Relief Fund. The accusing finger must now be pointed at ourselves. We are eager to save democracy because the European war is close to us. We may well read *Dawn Over Chungking* and hang our heads.

From any point of view this is a tragic book. If it inaugurates a series of books written by young children in the war area it is an unwelcome "first." If it succeeds (and it does!) in showing something of the quality of the Chinese people and their tragic situation, it will be valuable. If it shows us that war never accomplishes what it sets out to do—and this seems to be evident all through the book—it should be a "must" for every one of us. This was not its purpose. Ironically enough, it may be its result.

—*Dawn Over Chungking*, by Adet, Anor and Meimei Lin. New York: The John Day Company. 1941. 240 pp. \$2.00.

history. We only hope that when the holocaust is done, *The Old Farmer's Almanack* (spelling on title page) will still be going on and bidding "you all the good of the New Year." *Uncle Sam's Almanac* is bristling with the latest information on weights and measures, foods, dates, and much that might be grouped under that strangely sounding word, *generalia*. It is a Frederic J. Haskin publication, circulated through newspapers or bought direct from that information-dispensing gentleman in Washington, D. C. These are midget almanacs. How fat and pompous does *The World Almanac* look beside them! Its 960 pages are so crammed with data that they seem more difficult to read than book reviews in *motive*. This book needs no introduction to the student who has debated. Its fact-packed pages are a mine of useful information. It has a place upon the desks of the small and great, and most of us could not get on without it. Then there's the latest addition to our pets! This year we've found *The National Catholic Almanac*. Eight hundred pages of information on doctrine and practice, history and biography, education and apologetics, social work and chronology, law and science, literature and art, and government and sports. Is Babe Ruth Catholic? Here you'll find the answer. Do you know what your saints' day is? Here you can know. Would you like to understand anything about the church in any way—well, if it's not here, we doubt that it can be found. The good Franciscan Clerics of Holy Name College in Washington, D. C., must spend their midnight hours upon it. This is a book to pick up at those off moments, for fifteen minutes, say, and then to discover when you lay it down that an hour or two has gone—truly a book to keep old men in the chimney corner, and students out of mischief. It sells for seventy-five cents and can be bought from St. Anthony's Guild—a Franciscan Monastery at Paterson, New Jersey. (Can anything good come out of New Jersey?) . . . We can't recommend too highly Rockwell Kent's *This Is My Own*. A book by a free spirit, much more than an autobiography, it is beautifully illustrated with the author's own drawings. A friend, and a good one, gave it to us for Christmas. We hope to imitate her actions and give it for presents to several people. It's strong and hearty in an American way. . . . *The World of the Thibaults* by Roger Martin du Gard is one of the major publication events of the winter. Viking has brought out the two volume edition boxed for \$6.00. Here is something to hold anyone for a while. *Atlantic Monthly* called it "by far the greatest work of fiction done in our time." . . . We are waiting for some boy who is going to camp—we have a present for him—Gene Tunney's *You Can Do It, Too*. It tells what military service did for Gene, and, we suppose, the moral is "Go thou, and do likewise." Wilfred Funk, Inc., is responsible. . . . *Out of the Night* was selling a thousand copies a week in February! . . . *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has gone over the half million mark—one of the two or three novels to attain this figure in the past twelve years.



A DEPARTMENT EDITED BY
HERMAN WILL, JR.

The National Council Speaks

In a general statement of Christian conviction adopted unanimously at a meeting in Chicago in February, the executive committee of the National Council of Methodist Youth declared:

"We pray earnestly that the mounting war hysteria may be quelled. We call upon the members of Congress to fulfill their responsibilities, to defend the American people against a deliberate effort to plunge this country bodily into the war in Europe. We urge conscientious citizens to make vocal their determination that the lives and resources of our country be used constructively and not as adjuncts to the British Empire.

"The Christian Community will not be shattered by this revolt of demonic power, nor will it be led to define the struggle of good and evil along nationalist or political lines. We pray our Church to remember its high calling; to turn from the secularism which is sapping its power to create new life in individuals and in society; to throw off secular controls which tend to make our teaching part and parcel of nationalist and militarist mind-set."

Other excerpts from the statement read:

"We are resolved to live and act, to wage peace, as men and women for whom the Kingdom of God is already at hand . . . regardless of the laws of men."

"We invite persons of like mind and spirit to join with us in this commitment; in the building of islands of sanity in the midst of sound and fury; in service to the new heaven and new earth which alone can give meaning and hope to life."

Another important action dealt with the extension of militarism into religious educational institutions:

"As the nation has taken its course step by step toward war, we are disturbed by the willingness of educational institutions to be mobilized in support of these preparations for conflict. While there have been a few church colleges which have been exceptions to this ten-

dency, we protest the co-operation of many of the schools of our Church in the building of a war machine. We believe that all Methodist institutions are bound by the action of the General Conference which says, 'The Methodist Church, although making no attempt to bind the consciences of its individual members, will not officially endorse, support, or participate in war. We insist that the agencies of the Church shall not be used in preparation for war, but in the promulgation of peace. We insist that the buildings of the Church dedicated to the worship of God shall be used for that holy purpose, and not by any agency for the promotion of war.' We believe that the president or administration of any Methodist college which allows the facilities of its institution to be used in preparation for war is violating the official action of our Church."

Alternative Service News

Reports from state draft directors on January 15 indicated that 6,700 men had been classified as conscientious objectors to both combatant and non-combatant military service during the first three months of conscription. This means that original estimates that there would be from two to three thousand objectors during the first year must be drastically revised. It now seems that this number will reach eight or ten thousand and perhaps more.

This great increase presents an unusually difficult financial problem. Thirty-five dollars per month per individual must be provided from some source to cover the cost of alternate service. In accordance with an agreement reached between representatives of several Methodist agencies, a special and completely separate account has been set by the Methodist Commission on World Peace for contributions made toward the support of conscientious objectors.

The financial problem can be met if interested individuals and groups will give sacrificially. Conscientious objec-

tors who are not now being called into service should support those who are to the limits of their ability. Regular gifts of \$1 per month, \$5 per month, or whatever the individual can afford will offer the possibility of sustained support for objectors serving in alternate service camps. Groups may wish to band together to support jointly those members who are called up.

A pamphlet which will present the facts of the situation and make specific and practical suggestions is now in process of preparation. The Commission on World Peace, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, is the agency which is serving as a clearing house among Methodists for information on this problem.

Canada in War-Time

A letter from a young Canadian, known to the Editor of this page to be reliable, brings the following information:

"I don't think I'm boasting when I say that every Canadian is proud of this vast country and all that the folders say about its beauty. Yet if you've been to Canada before, you'd see at a glance how amazingly my country has changed during the past eighteen months.

"Would you believe it that within walking distance of some of our most beautiful summer resorts there are now concentration camps? No less than 150 labor leaders who worked for peace and freedom have been interned in these camps for the 'duration' without trial or hearing. Nationally known men like Mayor Houde of Montreal, Pat Sullivan, President of the Canadian Seamen's Union, and labor leader Alderman Penner of Winnipeg are among the interned. Truth is outlawed in Canada. We can't get authentic news. Some 50 of our Canadian newspapers have been banned. More than 200 foreign publications, many of them American, are not permitted entry into Canada.

"Don't be surprised to hear that we ordinary Canadians don't have the rosy picture of the Canadian Mounties as portrayed in the picture *Northwest Mounted Police*. In Canada, the Mounties represent fear and oppression. They're the boys in blue who break into homes at early hours of the morning and whisk Canadians away from their families to the camps.

"You see the war has changed Canada. Under the War Measures Act, the state more and more assumes a dictatorial pattern. Freedom of speech, press and assembly—in short, our civil

Letters to the Editor

of this page are cordially invited. If they are of sufficient general interest and warrant special attention, they will be printed. Address: Herman Will, Jr., 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

motive

Poll No. I

Peace, the Draft, and Aiding England

Five thousand seven hundred Methodist students in 80 colleges and universities from U.C.L.A. to Emory and from Texas Tech to Albion spoke their minds about war in *motive's* first nation-wide campus poll.

The results indicate that:

Nine out of ten students, in the country as a whole, are opposed to the United States entering the war against Germany and Italy. Yet close to half of those voting believe it more important that we help England now—even at the risk of war—than that we concentrate on staying out of war.

Nearly six out of ten are convinced the draft is a good thing—although in the north central states almost as many say it isn't (40 per cent) as say it is (44 per cent). In the Southeast, seventy-two per cent endorsed the draft.

The Far West and north central states are most strongly anti-war; exactly half the students in these regions regard staying out of war as more important than helping England and perhaps getting drawn in ourselves.

Staunchest support for aid-to-England is found in the Southeast.

Identical Gallup-poll questions were used:

THE QUESTIONS		Northeast	Southeast	North Central	South Central	Far West	Total Votes
If you were asked to vote on the question of the United States entering the war against Germany and Italy, how would you vote—to go into the war, or to stay out of the war?	TO GO IN	9.3 %	10.5 %	5.6 %	14.2 %	4.6 %	9 %
	TO STAY OUT	90.7 %	89.5 %	94.4 %	85.8 %	95.4 %	91 %
Do you think the draft a good thing?	YES	62.3 %	71.7 %	43.6 %	61.7 %	51.1 %	58.5 %
	NO	26.5 %	14.1 %	39.9 %	24.5 %	34.9 %	26.8 %
	UNDECIDED	11.2 %	14.2 %	16.5 %	13.8 %	14 %	14.7 %
Do you regard helping England even at the risk of war more important now than concentrating on staying out of war?	YES	47.5 %	57 %	38.6 %	48.7 %	37.8 %	44.6 %
	NO	37.2 %	26.1 %	49 %	37.8 %	51.3 %	39.6 %
	UNDECIDED	15.3 %	16.9 %	12.4 %	13.5 %	10.9 %	15.8 %

liberties, have been destroyed. Under our very eyes we see the beautiful Maple Leaf, the symbol of Canada 'from sea to sea,' being transformed into a horrible swastika. Yes, even embryo storm troops like the 'Legion of Frontiersmen' and 'Civic Protection Committee' appear on the scene to assist the R.C.M.P. in their nefarious work. . . ."

(Mimeographed copies of the entire three-page letter may be obtained for five cents each from the midwest office of the Youth Committee Against War, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.)

Interesting Quotations

The Conscientious Objector, a bi-monthly newspaper published co-operatively by three pacifist groups, recently carried some remarkable quotations from

the man who is now prime minister of Great Britain:

Strike Against War

American youth opposed to war will stage their eighth annual strike against war at 11 o'clock on the morning of April 23. With peace parades, mass meetings, convocations, radio addresses, and other kinds of demonstrations they will make known their stand.

Sponsoring organizations of the strike are: Fellowship of Reconciliation, Youth Section; National Council of Methodist Youth; Youth Committee Against War; Progressive Students League; War Resisters League, Youth Section; Young People's Socialist League. Copies of the call may be obtained from any of the sponsoring organizations or from the Youth Committee Against War at 22 East 17th Street, New York City.

the man who is now prime minister of Great Britain:

"I have always said that if Great Britain were defeated in war I hoped we should find a Hitler to lead us back to our rightful position among the nations."—Winston Churchill.

"Legally we owe this debt to the United States, but logically we don't, and this is because America should have minded her own business and stayed out of the World War. If she had done so, the Allies would have made peace with Germany in the spring of 1917, thus saving over a million British, French, American, and other lives and preventing the subsequent rise of Fascism and Nazism."—Winston Churchill in a letter to William Griffin, 1936.



Randall B. Hamrick, Editor

Getting a Job Through the Side Door

A recent survey made by the Collegiate Co-operative Advisory Council indicates that in the 680 colleges reporting, in which 972,397 students are enrolled, 273,313 students earned a total of \$28,903,651 in a single year! The Council also estimates that 56 per cent of the college men earn part of their expenses in college. Twenty-five per cent of the college women earn part of their expenses. Some bring goats to school and sell the milk. Others buy tuxedos and become professional escorts. Some marry employable young women. Still others write ghost stories or sell hot tamales. A few earn transportation expenses by escorting immigrants from New York to Canada under custody. The possibilities are as infinite as is the ingenuity of college students.

This same ingenuity may be employed by college students in securing full-time employment. If you are being buffeted about from one personnel director or employment agency to another, without securing employment, you may find it profitable to make a "side-door approach." There are several ways of getting a job without making a direct appeal to an employer.

You might offer to work for a florist on a commission basis if you have lots of friends who use flowers. Commission salesmen become permanent employees in time.

Newspaper jobs are secured many times by students who start out by writing news for column rates.

You may also offer to handle publicity for charity affairs, making valuable contacts and gaining experience.

Many corporations take on summer crews from which they select permanent employees.

Have your name placed on substitute lists. You will then probably be the first one considered for an opening.

If you happen to think of a perfectly marvelous idea, you may get a job by presenting it.

So You Want a Teaching Position!

THE demand for teachers varies in proportion to the amount of training you have had. The greatest over-crowding exists in those areas wherein applicants have had only two or three years of college work. If you are trying to decide whether to stay in school for another year or to attempt to secure a teaching position, by all means stay in school.

However, if you are ready to accept a teaching position, there are several ways of securing leads.

Plan a regular job campaign. *Contact all of your friends who are now teaching.* They may have information concerning positions that will be open. They may also be able to pave the way for valuable contacts.

Use Your College Contacts

The President, Dean, Personnel Director, Field Secretary, and the Head of your Department should be fully aware of your interests.

Use the State Employment Agencies

Many states will provide teacher-placement services through one or more of the following agencies: *The State Department of Education* (15 states); *The State Education Association* (5 states); *The State Employment Service* (11 states). The Department of Education or the Dean can give you further information concerning these services. They are free.

Private Teachers' Agencies

Be sure that the agency to which you make application is a member of the National Association of Teachers' Agencies.

There are jobs. People are being hired. You cannot afford to wait for one to come to you. Go out and get it!

Studying Your Vocation

Make a check-list of the ten or twelve types of work that seem to be most appealing, and ask five friends to check, in order, the ones for which they feel that you are best equipped. Talk over the problem with your vocational counselor and attempt to reduce the list to five or six. Begin an intensive study of each of these occupations. In making

your study of a vocation, attempt to find answers to the following questions:

1. How many workers are there in the field? Is the number increasing, and is the field overcrowded?
2. What effect will vocational trends have upon the future demand for workers in this field?
3. What does the worker actually do in this occupation during a typical day and week?
4. In what job do you begin? To what jobs do you advance and what are the steps leading to them? Or is it a dead-end job?

United States Office of Education

For full information concerning teaching positions in foreign countries, territories, or government projects, it is best to write to the Bureau of Information, United States Office of Education, Washington, D. C.

General Hints

Getting a job is *your* responsibility. Do not try to lean too heavily upon anybody else. Do not apply for a position where you are sure that no present opening exists. Do not misrepresent your qualifications. Do not "go over the head" of any administrator. (Address the Superintendent of Schools, not the members of the Board of Education). Never offer to work for less money than is at present being paid to the incumbent. Do not attempt to use political pressure. Do not rely upon a single opportunity. However, as soon as you have secured a position, be sure to withdraw your applications elsewhere. Ask permission to use any person's name as a reference, and furnish him with a copy of your experience-record sheet. After submitting an application, try to secure interviews.

Teaching is a dignified profession. Always keep that in mind in all of your attempts to secure a position.

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3. What does the worker actually do in this occupation during a typical day and week?
4. In what job do you begin? To what jobs do you advance and what are the steps leading to them? Or is it a dead-end job?

5. Is the work seasonal or steady? At what age do you begin, and what is the retirement age?

6. What training—general and technical—is required? Where can it be obtained and how much will it cost?

7. What are the necessary physical requirements? What are their effect upon health?

8. What salary is paid at the start; after five years; and to top executives? Are there other forms of financial returns such as bonuses, pensions, or discounts?

9. The work has what outstanding advantages and disadvantages, in terms of personal satisfaction, social status, economic bearing, and security?

Read the trade journals, vocational and technical books, and other source materials. Also read the biographies of outstanding men in the profession. Interview persons who are successful in the field. Write to professional associations and deans of professional schools concerning training, placement, vocational trends, and demand. Plan observation trips for the study of specific vocations. Attempt to get a summer job that will give you an opportunity to try out the vocation.

Vocational Book-of-the-Month

SELLING—A JOB THAT'S ALWAYS OPEN.
By Frances Maule. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. 1940. 314 pp. Bibliography. \$2.00.

The consumers of America will buy goods worth \$66,000,000,000 this year. Advertising these wares will cost \$2,000,000,000. All of these materials must be sold by someone each year. Selling is the life-blood of any business. Considered as a career in itself, or as an opening wedge into other fields, it has much to offer.

This book is designed to help you select the particular type of selling best suited to your abilities, your temperament and your inclinations. It offers reliable information about all phases of selling, straight from the personnel authorities who do the actual hiring.

This book is not concerned primarily with the techniques of salesmanship, but rather with the diversified vocational opportunities that are present in this important function in our economic life.

This book is written in the same friendly, intimate and fast-moving style that has made Miss Maule's books best sellers in the vocational field.

Radio Education Institute

May 5 to 7 are dates for the Twelfth Institute for Education by Radio, the nation-wide conference of broadcasters and educators, which will be held in Columbus, Ohio, under the auspices of Ohio State University. In connection with the Institute, there will be held the Fifth American Exhibition of Recordings of Educational Radio Programs.

WAYS OF CRASHING RADIO

When college students and others who want to get into radio ask radio actors and executives how to go about it, they rarely get a simple answer. The success stories of radio people show that while the roads to a radio career all end at the same place, they would be as difficult to catalogue as the roads to Rome.

One radio actor, Santos Ortega of the Columbia Workshop, got into radio acting because someone misunderstood his name. They thought he was Spanish and offered him the role of a Spaniard on the air. Ortega, a New Yorker by birth, bought a Spanish dictionary and bluffed his way

through the first rehearsal. Through work he later played the part perfectly. John Tillman, one of Columbia's youngest announcers, worked in a local radio station while in college twelve hours a day without pay. When sufficiently experienced, he sent a recording of his voice to New York and was sent for.

Not the surest, and not the easiest, but one of the very best ways of "crashing" radio in almost any of its capacities is through the guest relations staff of the large network headquarters and working up into the position or field of your choice.

All actors, directors and engineers have used different methods to break into radio. Some have had luck. Most have succeeded by hard work and knowledge.

Come for an Interview

The attitude of the employer is greatly affected by what happens during the first few minutes of the interview. Be well poised, with good posture. Enter the office with confidence, but without boldness. Look your interviewer in the eyes and say, "Good afternoon, Mr. Wright." Speak distinctly, but in a pleasant, low, and well-modulated tone—and smile.

Do not offer to shake hands unless he first offers to do so. Stand until you are invited to sit down. If there is a choice of chairs, take the high straight one instead of sinking into the low, soft, leather chair. Try to sit higher than your interviewer, and avoid facing the light if possible.

You will want to be without chewing gum or cigarettes when you enter the office, and do not smoke unless you are urged to do so.

The interviewer will want to make you feel at ease, but do not use this as an opportunity to throw your reserve to the winds and confess your fears and lack of confidence.

Sit still and don't fidget. Keep your belongings near you, and don't leave anything (hat, gloves, brief case, etc.) on his desk.

The interviewer will probably open the discussion. Let him talk all he will. Do not interrupt. Whenever you are asked a question or are given an opportunity to speak, appear eager to do so. Don't fall into the pose of being given a cross-examination. Stick to the point and avoid digressions unless the interviewer appears eager to pursue them. You may wish to ask intelligent questions to get the interviewer to talk.

Be careful not to assume an argumentative manner, complain, appeal for sympathy, or confess how badly you need the job. Don't try to evade questions or hide points of weakness, but direct conversation toward your strong points.

It will be helpful if you place a copy of your experience-record before the interviewer, letting him follow the outline as you mutually discuss your training and skills.

Know specifically the type of job for which you are applying, and do not offer to "do anything," or ask to be given a chance to show what you can do.

You will probably be asked a question concerning salary. Try to know in advance about what the job pays. Don't offer to work for nothing. This won't interest your employer. Try to make the employer feel that while you will expect a reasonable return, you are eager for your salary to depend upon your value to the company.

Don't try to force the issue and get a definite decision at once. The employer will probably be considering other candidates or will need to talk the problem over with other officers. Try to pave the way for another interview if you can do it without being too insistent.

Suggest that you will be glad for your interviewer to contact your references by telephone or telegraph at your expense, or that you will be quite willing to ask your references to write.

Whenever there is a lull in the conversation, after the problem has been carefully discussed, take this as your cue to leave. Thank the interviewer for his time, and leave a copy of your experience-record with him.



A DEPARTMENT EDITED
BY GERALD L. FIEDLER

Opportunities for Co-operative Study

Rochdale Institute, National Co-operative Training School in Consumer Co-operation

Short courses of several months' duration are given in the spring and fall. Three months of training and field work with co-ops in New York are followed by two months "internship" with co-operatives in the field. The course is designed to prepare students for full-time employment in co-operatives. The course offers an opportunity for students to obtain technical as well as philosophical training for leadership in the co-operative movement. Many outstanding leaders in the co-operative movement are instructors.

Universities and Colleges

Many universities are now offering training for co-operative work. Included in this list are the University of Wisconsin, the University of Maryland (see March issue of *motive*), Kansas State College, the University of Minnesota, Hamline University, Antioch College and the Chicago Labor College.

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, offers three courses on consumer co-operatives supplemented with general courses in economics, sociology and related fields. Students taking the course on co-operatives and working ten-week schedules in co-operatives between courses have been placed with the Ohio Farm Bureau Co-operative Association as well as other co-ops in the state, and with co-operatives in Greenbelt, Maryland, and Chicago. Already a number of Antioch graduates are in permanent positions in the movement.

Harvard is offering an evening extension course in consumer co-operation under the sponsorship of the Massachusetts Department of Education.

Many other universities and colleges are offering courses and training in co-operative economics and the co-operative movement in general.

The Co-operative Movement As a Vocation

Possible Contributions We Can Make

IT is recognized by most people that there will need to be many changes in our economic and political practices in local, national and international affairs of the future. Many of us have become so interested in doing something that we are seeking opportunities of contributing toward better economic and social relations.

To me the most basic problem is our economic policy, both personal and social. I believe that consumer co-operation is the most Christian application to economic problems practiced today and so am participating in its progress. It will not be the final solution but it offers a step in the right direction with the correct methods.

It is not for me to persuade you to believe that consumer co-operatives are essential. Your conclusions will be based upon your own experience, teaching and general background, but I do offer these suggestions in case you are interested in doing your part for the furtherance of a co-operative and democratic economic order.

There are several ways in which one might work into the co-operative movement:

First, by doing all we can as private citizens to promote local co-operatives, while practicing our vocation or profession in other lines. The amount of work we can do in this line is really unlimited, especially since the success of a co-operative depends upon active members, democratically operating the business and seeing that education in co-operative living, which includes more than co-operative economics and savings, is given to all people.

To be more specific, one might serve on education, finance, managerial, recreation, and other committees of the local co-operative; or put special abilities to use for the co-operative.

A second way in which a person might fit into the co-operative movement is by choosing the part or position one would like to have and then seeking the advice and assistance of co-operative officials and others on how to attain that position. Make plans to co-ordinate one's school work and training to fit the specific needs of that particular kind of position. Co-operative philosophy, general understanding of social and economic laws and trends, ability to work with other people, and practical experience should all be considered.

I have known individuals who created their own positions by actually going into a community where a co-operative of some kind was needed, and leading and directing in the organization of one, in that way creating a position as manager or educational director. This is one of the most valuable methods of spreading co-operative ideas and practices but it requires considerable ability to work with people and direct their actions, and considerable conviction in order to withstand the economic and social sacrifices necessary.

Until the present time consumer co-operatives in this country have gone primarily into purchase of supplies and offering of services. It is only as the manufacture of supplies and the opening of the original source of supplies increase that co-operatives will have an opportunity to develop openings for specialists in particular fields.

The main openings today require willingness to sacrifice and resourcefulness, for the co-operative movement is still pioneering. The possibility of one *finding* a position or opening in the co-operative movement is rather small but the possibility of *creating* a position in the co-operative movement is very great. This is true no matter what special phase of work you plan to do—retail store; office (personnel, operations, stenographic, etc.); educational and organizational; administrative and executive; law; editorial and publications; housing; health; accounting and auditing, etc. . . .

If we believe that co-operatives have enough to offer in return for our services, then there is surely a place for us. The people who are now in places of leadership in economic and social affairs are there because they adapted themselves most effectively to conditions, economic and social, in their time. We recognize that it will be necessary for us to make social changes if they are to come, for those who are well established in our present system could not afford to give up what they now have, especially their security, in order to advance something which we think better. If we are to contribute to the furtherance of something better we must make our plans while it will not affect our security so much.

We Speak Our Minds

On What's Wrong with College

Some day, when I have the power and position, and am above having to swallow things I know are wrong, but can't talk much about because I am just a kid who can't play football and hasn't got much money and practically no political status, I shall go to work on what is wrong with universities (please note, lower case, to be taken as a generality). There are a great many abuses prevalent in these centers of learning which would be considered intolerable in almost any other walk of life. Students who are expected to conduct themselves as men and women of reason, mature individuals, are obliged to swallow more crude, small bits of tyranny than ever gets into the mellow old reminiscences about the alma mater. . . .

. . . . There are too many illbred boors making the getting of an education a personal thing, a thing depending upon flattery of overstuffed egos, upon unquestioning acceptance of flimsy dogma or personal opinion and bias. Bolstered by a discipline of red tape and impersonality, these secure, smug Educated Men are able to get away with the rankest sort of injustice with no fear of ever being called up for it. Students are offered the alternatives of staying in the universities and taking it, or of leaving, and because there are also in the universities men whom the students admire and respect, they generally reason that the good more than offsets the bad, and they stay. But why? What is the self-sustaining quality of a framework having in it such elements of false pride and bad manners? Maybe someday I'll know the answer, and maybe it'll matter enough to do something about it. Probably not. . . .

—"Touchstone" in *The Michigan Daily*, University of Michigan.

On the Draft

President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford the other day attacked the "stupid" action of local draft boards in failing to recognize that education may be more important for some men than military training.

He went on to say that the "idea of equality of capacity is one of the most destructive concepts of our democracy," and pointed out that the British system of conscription recognizes 200 categories of men who may not volunteer or be drafted because they are recognized to be more valuable in their own line of work. The categories range from bacteriologists to steamfitters. . . .

We do think the draft administrators should realize college men are in training—some to be doctors, some to be chemists, some to be technicians, some to be leaders. If they are deferred, they are the people who develop into the specialists and leaders, and will be worth many privates in the line in the value of their services.

And leadership doesn't mean only leadership in defense or maybe war, but also leadership in the peace to come. China doesn't want her college students in the

army, and even subsidizes their education so they will remain in school, because the colleges are the source of the trained, skilled, educated men who will lead the New China. Even Italy defers students because of their greater value as specialists and leaders.

There is a crying need right now for a clarification of who shall or shall not be deferred. As it is now, grounds for deferment in one draft board are rejected in the next. A nation-wide policy of deferment is urgently needed from national selective service officials. . . .

College isn't a hang-out of draft-dodgers; it's a place to train men so that they will be more valuable to society. —Editorial by Jack Hauptli in *The California (U.C.L.A.) Daily Bruin*.

On Strikes

"It has so happened, in all ages of the world, that some have labored, and others have without labor enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government."—A. Lincoln.

We may, possibly, reach an advanced stage of thought one of these days when men with big salaries will realize that their well-being depends upon the degree of contentment of the men with little salaries. At present a few lunkheads in top places don't seem to realize that fact. We call them lunkheads because we never did have a reputation for pleasant words and because pleasant words fail in too many dealings.

Col. Phil Fleming's words a few days ago weren't pleasant, either; and Al Sloan, Jr., of General Motors must have winced at hearing what we believe to be the truth. The colonel, who administers the Wages and Hours Act, said that wages for overtime must be paid to workers in defense industries after the GM chief had petulantly declared that the "penalty for overtime should be canceled during the emergency to encourage a longer work week." Of course the Big Man of Industry spied an inflation bugaboo in the wage regulations. The colonel took the Big Man's own corporation statement and read it to him. (Profits of \$183,000,000 were shown in the GM report.) . . .

If we are to do the ultraglorious thing and preserve democracy-civilization it will be by laughing down the . . . who say that to strike is to align with saboteurs and communists and fascists and other pleasant folk. To strike is an American privilege. To destroy that right—even "temporarily"—is to cause chuckles to tickle the ceilings at Berchtesgaden. . . .

We are labor; labor is not some noisome, hypercorporeal lout in dirty jeans. To say that we cannot re-establish our democracy by strengthening the rights of that form of government is to lay the groundwork for Dr. Ley's Labor Front organization in America.

—Editorial by Seymour Glazer in *The Daily Reveille*, Louisiana State University.

April, 1941

Pro and Con

There Are Greater Evils

War is an evil, yes, a horror. But there are greater evils. War involves death, but what a different world we should have if men had not been willing to face physical destruction for a great and noble cause, for religion, for freedom of thought, for freedom of body and mind. Harmful as the effects of war have been on mankind, infinitely worse would it have been if mankind, to avoid it, had made a Munich of every crisis.

—Dr. Monroe E. Deutsch, vice-president and provost of the University of California.

Belligerent

Major General David P. Barrows, retired professor of political science at the University of California, said in a statement that the United States should enter the war in support of Britain in the interests of regularizing this country's position and preventing possible defeat of the British.

The general said he is convinced that the measures short of war taken by the United States will not be sufficient to enable England to defeat the axis powers. He said he equally is convinced that the measures we have already taken have changed our status from a neutral to a belligerent power and that there is everything to be gained by Congress formally recognizing immediately our real status and authorizing the President to use the nation's armed forces. . . .

"My . . . reason for belligerency is that I do not share what may be a common American confidence that Great Britain will win this war.

"Properly reluctant as the American people may be to engage in war, if we are finally faced by the clear prospect of the end of Britain, we will then go to war but perhaps too late to save the British and at such added peril to ourselves as makes our own safety uncertain. I believe it imprudent to wait this ominous hour. . . .

"Finally, I return to my point that we are already in a hopeless international and constitutional position and that our interest lies in regularizing it and bringing it into accord with public law. The new Congress should immediately upon meeting formalize our belligerency."

—U. P., January 7, 1941.

Pie in the Sky

We should like to have our apple pie in the American oven; what we are being told by too many persons is that we

should wait until heaven or at least after the war to be served. We have been losing our democratic ideals so very fast while being pushed into pre-occupation with Hitler and Stalin and Mussolini, that having even a sliver of that traditional and succulent American dish seems to slip like a phantom from our arms.

We're being pushed into a war that is striving to preserve a pretty rotten status quo while, as President Hutchins of the University of Chicago says, our nation is the squatting-place of 50,000,000 ill-housed and ill-fed persons. While our nation is the sanctuary of lynchings, of unemployment in the face of teeming and then wallowing production. While Okies tramp despondently over the country and are beaten into insensibility by full-blooded vigilantes when they ask for a living wage. While the Daughters of the American Revolution uphold the democratic principle by refusing to let Negro Marion Anderson sing in a place called Constitution Hall.

But we're still the most democratic country on earth, you say. If we weren't you couldn't see these words in print. That may be so; but thinking that it is so is not going to keep our land the home of the free and the brave for long. These insidious situations are brushed from dusty thought corners by too many men who do not want anything changed. These are the men who are now willing to send a conscript army to fight for democracy; these are the men who, along with that great democrat, Carter Glass of Virginia, fought only a few months ago every piece of social legislation designed to make America more democratic. They are now in the vanguard of the great armored host itching beneath a heavy coat of mail to go slashing into battle.

We do not trust their idea of democracy. They are men who have ever worshiped the dead things and fought the live, pulsing movement of the America which is shocked by, and tries to help, the bullied, underprivileged "one-third of a nation." They are men who have kept the apple pie from the real America for too long. They are the men who are going to push us into war in a few months.

"After the war," they say, "we will be able to utilize our great productive capacities in a magnificent peacetime offensive." Of this we say: "We never learned that from World War I. We will not learn that from World War II because the same pressure boys are at

the wheel, because too many thumbs are still under the screws."

We want a greater democracy for Americans, wherein every American will have his slice of apple pie.

We will not get it as long as these new Davids of democracy make as if to pick up pebbles with which to pelt a Goliath. We will not get it because these men are anti-Hitler without being as earnestly prodemocratic.

—Editorial by Seymour Glazer in *The Daily Reveille*, Louisiana State University.

Why . . . Should United States Enter the War?

To the student who has learned from his reading and the personal testimonies of others about the propaganda and hysteria of 1914-18 the present picture seems weirdly familiar. For some inexplicable reason again the American public appears to have caught in the subtle quicksands that beckon from the pit.

In this time of flag-waving and patriotic ditties that might cause many an unknown soldier to turn over in his grave with protesting anguish, we might profitably look at the illuminating words uttered scarcely over a year ago by Joseph P. Kennedy. As United States Ambassador to Great Britain, this experienced gentleman, who is not a pacifist, said on December 10, 1939, in an address at Boston:

"As you love America, don't let anything that comes out of any country in the world make you believe you can make the situation one whit better by getting into war.

"There is no place in this fight for us. It's going to be bad enough as it is.

"There is no reason—economic, financial or social—to justify the United States entering war.

"If anybody advocates our entering the war, the American public should demand a specific answer to the question,

"This is not our fight!"

If we as college students will put these words in the cornerstone of our thinking they may help us to remember that our fathers did not make the world safe for democracy even though they died for that ideal. We who are about to die for democracy in this decade must at least wonder . . . and ask if we can do more than they?

—Editorial by Russell Johnson in *The Hamline (University) Oracle*, February 7, 1941.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

Edited by Robert H. Hamill

What Difference Does God Make?

TAURUS. You packed a lot of honest doubt into that poem you sent.

"Faith, Hope and Charity, these three
Are offered by Saint Paul;
No man is Christian, certainly,
Without accepting all.

I have no Faith, and dare not Hope,
Christ dwelleth not in me;
It is enough for me to grope
Content with Charity."

SKEPTIC. That won't win a prize, but it ought to make me out a complete skeptic. At least it represents my point of view.

T. Explain is a little more. What is it you don't have faith in or hope about?

S. Oh, God and prayer and immortality—that kind of stuff. I am rather sure that charity, or goodwill, is the only decent way to live, but I've got to let it stand at that. I would like to have some kind of beliefs, but nothing makes sense to me. I believe in treating everyone squarely and giving the breaks to those who need them most. But that's all. I have no particular faith, and I don't know what St. Paul meant by hope.

T. You mean that you expect goodwill to bring the largest measure of satisfaction. That is your belief. Would you call that a faith?

S. It's surely not the faith that preachers talk about.

T. You look forward to the time when all men shall live in mutual goodwill. Perhaps that is your Hope. In other words, you have committed yourself to an attitude of goodwill; that may say something about your real beliefs, whether formulated or not.

S. But religion, as I see it, is chiefly a person's behavior. It is a way of living, not a puzzling out of riddles about God and heaven. Most beliefs are excess baggage.

T. True enough, except that in that baggage there may be a roadmap, giving some directions. If your beliefs, for instance, indicated that generosity would lose you your friends and land you in jail, you wouldn't be generous. But if you believe that generosity will increase your friendships, you will act on that hunch. That is what Donald Hankey

meant, I suppose, when he said that religion is betting your life there is a God. It is a leap of confidence.

S. Whoa there. What do you mean by God? You can't tell me that just because I think it is better to be generous than selfish, I have already swallowed all the creeds. What is God?

What Is the Evidence for God?

T. Let's try to get at what God is by looking at the evidence. There are all kinds of it—in science, in moral experience, in human history, even in mystical experiences. Where shall we begin?

S. Narrow it down to the moral factors. I get the scientific slant in physics class. What does morality say about God?

T. Would you be willing to say that human life is moving in dominant direction? Does there appear to be a steady triumph of the good and a corresponding defeat of the evil?

S. That is mighty hard to say today, in 1941, with war breaking out like a bad case of measles. In the long run, probably so.

T. There are backwashes, of course, and serious ones. But is one main movement pretty clear? It is stronger than any man; it makes demands upon him.

S. For example, a fellow cannot be dishonest, and get away with it; he has to be honest if he wants to be happy. It is what they call the moral law.

T. Right. Also, there is something that appeals to the best in every man and keeps him restless and striving for a finer life. No sensitive person escapes that pull upon him. That also is evidence of an all-controlling purpose which I call God. There is a process making for good. God is the ruling activity that encourages the growth of nobler personalities.

S. All the preachers I ever knew said that God is Love, or Spirit; they even said that God is a Person. But you are talking about activity, process. What is really *there*, that is objective and real? A process is merely a concept, a term that describes events that happen; what causes the events to happen? Or do you mean that God is the sum of all the factors that make for the good life?

What Is God?

T. A good question. No; by the term "God" I mean a real existing Something—a Fact, not a figment of our imagination. God is external, existing in His own right.

S. At least we ought to be talking not about any idea of God, but about God—if there is any. What, then, is God?

T. The nearest I can come is to say that God is Mind. A mind can plan, imagine, create new products, control and understand other minds, and love—it can accomplish all the work that we usually associate with God.

S. But you cannot have a mind outside of a brain. At least, we don't know of any such. Where is this Mind that you say is God?

T. That's right; you can't push the analogy too far. For "mind" is an analogy only. When we call God a Father, or Creator, we are using analogies of things we already observe. Yet, by "Father" we mean only the understanding, the personal concern which the human parents express, not his size nor his location.

S. Then "Mind," too, is only an approximation. You mean, I take it, that when you look at all the evidence, it appears that God behaves as a mind behaves, but you can't say just how. Or can you?

T. God works through countless circumstances, which appear to have a common purpose. For instance, whenever honesty and deceit are in conflict, it is honesty that appeals to the best of men, and honesty that finally wins out in the long run. In the great preponderance of such human affairs, the morally good influences prevail over the morally bad—that is, when people co-operate to make it so. Out of tensions and conflicts, something better continually emerges. You find such upbuilding influences in friendships, in man's demand for knowledge, in his willingness to suffer for an ideal, in love and art and honesty—in countless human experiences. These influences appear to focus in one objective to enrich and uplift human life.

S. These influences, you say, are the work of God, or God Himself?

T. They are evidences of God; they demonstrate God's intentions, something as the laws, the agencies, the roads, the currency, and the officials of a nation are not in themselves the nation, but they demonstrate the intentions of that nation. God is the Mind that causes those processes to develop, and causes them to work together to enrich human life.

S. But why call all those things the

work of God? Those influences may be only the instinct of self-preservation that has become clever and subtle. We want to know everything so we can be comfortable and live longer. And honesty is no virtue when everyone knows that honesty pays in dollars and cents in the long run.

T. That fact also is part of this all-pervading purpose. The urge toward goodwill, honesty, and the rest, is not a mere hocus-pocus that idealists and priests put over on us; it is an inescapable demand that lays hold of our basic instincts even, and confronts even our financial practices. The law which appears to say, You must live in goodwill if you want to be secure and happy and useful, is not the latest bill passed by Congress, but an everlasting condition that we face in every area of life.

S. I understand that the moral laws are rigid, and they appear to exert stimulating appeals toward better life. And you say that the underlying cause of this moral activity is God. But why call all this activity "He"? I would say "It" or "They."

T. Do you ever speak of the United States as "she"?

S. Yes, because it has some of the characteristics that belong to persons, such as honor and sympathy.

T. Exactly. But you never say "she" about a machine—except when you brag or curse about your old car—because a machine has none of those qualities of a person. A printing press cares nothing whether it prints news that is hateful or friendly, and if a person gets caught in the rolls it crushes out his life without hesitation. Persons and nations have regard for honor and kindness, but not machines.

S. Therefore, you just carry over the idea to God; you say that the supreme Power appears to care about honesty and friendship and the rest, so It gets named with a personal pronoun, "He." You make it singular, I suppose, because the whole activity that makes for better personalities seems to be organized under one impulse, although it is expressed in countless situations.

T. A very clear summary of what I tried to say.

S. Another thing puzzles me. How does faith in God differ from faith in a nation, let us say? The nation does everything you claim for God: it prevents bad behavior from succeeding, it arouses new ideals in men, it creates conditions favorable to human growth. In fact, millions of people already worship the nation rather than God. Is there any difference?

T. Which do you think is the more permanent moral law, that a racial minority is entitled to fair treatment, or that

a racial minority must slave for the majority?

S. Why, the first, clearly.

T. Why are you so sure?

S. Because the idea that a minority must serve and have no rights of its own is a man-made law, to bolster up a nation's pride and greed.

T. So it seems to me, too. It is a law passed by human legislatures. But the moral law that God makes is not made by men, but only discovered.

S. But it is hard to tell, in any specific case, whether we are discovering an old law or formulating a new one, although I see the distinction in theory.

T. You're dead right. It is hard to distinguish, very hard.

S. For all your explanation, I still can live without depending upon God.

T. You make me very skeptical of that. Can you live without depending upon the sun?

S. Obviously not. The sun accounts for the heat and light which make it possible for us to live.

T. Exactly, and according to my view, God is responsible for some factors which make it possible for us to live a moral life. God has already contributed to the life we have already achieved, and we cannot get away from that fact.

S. But that point of view just automatically solves everything, and refuses to consider the real question, whether there is a God.

T. That, I feel, is not the way to state the problem. God is not a Thing which may or may not exist in addition to the world we already know. Rather, we ought to look at the dominant processes that undeniably do exist outside of our human making, and evaluate them in terms of their moral character; if they appear to be unified and to be producing nobler life in men, then we may give them the name GOD.

S. Hold on, now. A while ago you said God is a Mind that works through moral laws and such. Now you say that God is the processes or the quality of those processes that make for better life. Which is it? Is God the Mind that works, or is God the concrete working that has in itself fine quality?

T. That is tough, but it is a clear distinction; rather, I wish it were clearer than it is. I feel that God is Some Thing, probably Mind. The influences in the world which men discover and use but do not create are forces which make for knowledge and beauty and moral goodness. Whether God *is* that activity, or whether God *causes* that activity, I cannot be sure. Perhaps some of both, if that is not hedging on the question. The important point is that God is objective and real, existing apart from my own thinking about him, and apart from any hu-

man working, but existing at least partly within the personality-producing activities that we see.

S. If God is Mind, and not just the Active Processes, do you think that He is self-conscious? For myself, I just cannot conceive of a Being Who is able to say, "I am God, ruler of the universe; I have purposes of my own making, and I long for people to accept them and prosper." That is beyond my imagination.

T. Mine, too. And that is one main reason why I question whether God is a self-sufficient Mind.

S. Even if it is possible to have some general belief about God in the background of one's mind, I hardly feel it necessary to be continually conscious of God in daily life. The idea "God" may explain, but it doesn't change things.

T. It might serve to fortify your courage, though. If your belief that goodwill will produce the best life is a conscious belief, near the surface, it might be more useful than if it were only a vague hunch.

S. But suppose I just *can't* believe. Where would that leave me? I still feel it is better to be generous than selfish, and brave than cowardly—it is better because it appeals to my inherent moral sense. But I'm still stranded on beliefs.

T. Do you not feel that such a preference for good over evil will be frustrated unless the nature of things approves and supports such behavior?

S. If the moral conditions oppose such behavior, I won't get very far with it, that's sure.

T. Then the job is to interpret the quality of the moral world, and see if it has any meaning. If the active processes which operate apart from human making—that is, the laws, the new impulses and strivings—if these appear to enrich human life and help toward moral improvement, then it will be clear that the non-human Powers care for our human ideals. The forces outside of us square with the longings inside of us. If the evidence justifies that conclusion, then we are entitled to give the name GOD to those forces, or to the Cause of them.

S. You mean that if a person feels the overpowering claim of what is good and honorable, and is confident that the outside world will support such behavior if he tries it, then it is fair to interpret that fact to mean that the supreme power of the world is friendly to human growth. Then, if he wants to, it is at least rational to give that supreme power the name GOD.

T. So it seems to me. If the dominant non-human powers are morally good and helpful to human improvement, and if a person commits himself to them, he may very reasonably call them God.

Words and Their Ways in Religion

HARRIS FRANKLIN RALL

LAST month we tried in this column to get a definition of Christianity. This month we consider the differences that are found within Christianity, and especially those between the two great branches, Roman Catholic and Protestant.

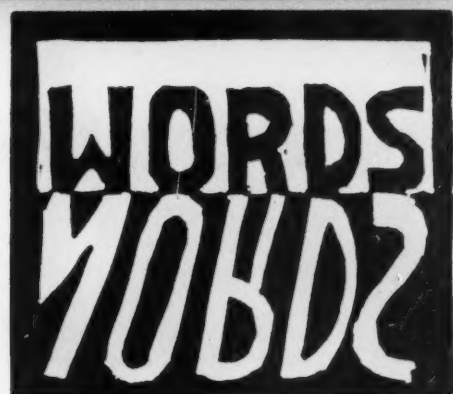
Briefly put, for Roman Catholicism *Christianity is the church*, and the Roman church is the one true church. When Jesus left this earth, they hold, he founded the church and gave to it a threefold authority: to teach the truth, to direct men's lives, to bring them salvation. The church acts in Christ's place, with his authority and, under certain conditions, infallibly. More exactly, this authority was given to the apostles with Peter at their head, to be passed on to their successors, namely the bishops, headed by the bishop of Rome (the pope) as Peter's successor.

The first important fact here is that of authority. There is a good deal of freedom and variety in thought and life in the Roman Church, but the final test of a good Catholic is his submission to the church when it speaks. The second important item is that *a man's salvation depends upon the church*. There is an elaborate system, wholly in the hands of the church, with priest and sacrament at the center, and apart from this a man cannot be saved.

Protestantism got its name from the *protest against errors and abuses in the church* with which it began. It would be better to call it *evangelical*, as the Reformers did, rather than Protestant. Evangelical comes from *evangel*, that is, the gospel. The Christian religion for Protestants is the message of the gospel and the way of life that follows from it. Compared with the imposing organization of the Roman Church and its elaborate system of salvation, it is very simple indeed. It sees religion as a matter of right personal relations, and these relations are at bottom ethical, that is, they are a matter of right spirit and attitude, not of beliefs or sacred rights or place in an institution. *Man's relation to God comes first and is the basis of all else; then the relation of men to each other.*

This can be expressed in three words, simple but not always understood. The first word is *grace*. It tells what God is in his attitude toward men: his love, his willingness to forgive and to receive man into fellowship. The second is *faith*. It tells what man's answer should be to such a God, something very simple, yet demanding everything that there is to a man: not just belief, but humility and reverence, absolute trust and the surrender of life. Love is the third word, and it stands for the relation of a man to his fellows: not something sentimental or private or exclusive, but a spirit of reverence and good will, active and creative, making men really children of such a God and linking them in that fellowship in which alone a human being can attain the highest and richest life.

Of course, Protestantism has a place for such realities of religion as authority, the church, and salvation. But its authority is not in a book or a creed or the church: it is in God as he speaks to us by his Spirit. Bible and church are, indeed, needed, but each man may know this God for himself, and must make this living God his one supreme obedience. The church is essential also, for religion can never be merely individual; but the church, too, is something personal, not an institution with a priesthood in charge, but a fellowship of those who are followers of Christ, who unite in worship, who preach his Word to men, who serve their fellows. And Protestantism has a simple but real and rich conception of salvation; it is the life from God in forgiveness and love, in peace and strength and joy, which comes when men thus give themselves to God and live in his Spirit with their fellows.



"For is the kingdom of God become words or syllables? Why should we be in bondage to them if we may be free?"—Preface to the King James Version of the Bible, 1611.

A THEOLOGY FOR CHRISTIAN YOUTH.
By Henry David Gray. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1941. 144 pp. \$1.

Believers who want reasons for the faith that is in them will find this book tops, but not so the doubters who want to begin near the beginning.

"Theology is our considered attempt to make clear and to justify to our sense of truth the convictions that we hold concerning God, the world, and man." The virtue of that undertaking is that it frankly assumes there is a Christian faith that can be intelligently defended to ourselves. The danger is that the author may merely give rational excuses for what he already believes.

Mr. Gray is at his best dealing with the indwelling of God's spirit, the personality of Jesus, the possible benefit from disaster, the ministry of the church—subjects which carry overtones of rose color, soft texture, and hope.

For those who think that religion smacks of compulsion and moral prohibitions, there is fine insight on the basic freedom of the Christian life.

The book might have been written around a campfire, with the flavor of sunset and friends and summer calm and blankets on soft grass—it has an easy, cushiony feeling. Although it speaks clearly to the head, it speaks mostly to the heart. And that will make some readers squirm.

The author will not satisfy the tough-minded. His sin is not irrationality; he is intelligent enough. Rather, he chooses to omit any hard mental struggle with the tough questions.

The treatment of God, for instance, ought to be the climax of any "theology"; instead, here it is a let-down. When it says, "God is the Perfect Person while we are imperfect persons," it never breathes a word of caution, nor admits the danger and audacity of such an analogy. It goes on to tell a story of comfort through prayer which is not pertinent to young people and would cause any skeptic to write on the margin, "Nonsense."

Likewise, on the problem of evil, called "the meaning of disaster," the author considers what a person can learn from tragedy, and how he can overcome it, but omits the problem of why there is disaster. Mr. Gray gives no hint of the ongoing process of God's creation, nor of God's continuing activity in natural, moral, and historic events. The objectivity of God he neglects. His treatment of society's need to be reconstructed would profit greatly if it were given the stable background of God's insistent demand for moral repairs in men and society. It is the "totalitarian" aspect of God that I miss.

The strength of this little book is its insight into the richness of the religious life when nourished by God's spirit and cultivated by serious intention. Its weakness is the omission of intense intellectual struggle with the objective factors of God and God in the world. It has the virtues and the vices of a devotional talk in chapel.

ROBERT H. HAMILL

April, 1941

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In This Believing World

When the revolution came in Germany, I looked to the universities to defend freedom of speech, knowing that they had always boasted of their devotion to the cause of truth, but, no, the universities immediately were silenced. Then I looked to the great editors of the newspapers whose flaming editorials in days gone by had proclaimed their love of freedom; but they, like the universities, were silenced in a few short weeks. Then I looked to the individual writers, who, as literary guides of Germany, had written much and often concerning the place of freedom in modern life; but they, too, were mute. Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth. I never had any special interest in the Church before, but now I feel a great affection and admiration because the Church alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom. I am forced to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly.

—Albert Einstein.

All seven Bishops of the Norwegian State Church have addressed a communication to the German Minister of the Department of Education and Church in which they express their grievances against certain features of the occupation of Norway in unequivocal words. . . .

The Nazi paper, *Deutsche Zeitung fuer die Niederlanden*, complains that, "the Dutch churches have been veritable centers of opposition to the Reich." Many churchmen are in concentration camps because of their outspoken opposition. . . .

. . . . [In the *Anti-Relioznik*, organ of the Russian Communist League of the Godless] testimony is offered concerning the tenacity of religious life in Russia despite persecutions. It says: "It is often believed that the survival of religious sentiments is to be met with only among elderly people, and that youth is entirely refractory to such teachings. In present-day youth, however, and even among children, religious prejudices are to be discovered. Some members of the Communist Youth Organizations, as well as some members of the Party, have not yet entirely emancipated themselves from religion. . . . Communism and religion, let us say it again, are irreconcilably hostile to each other."

—*Christianity and Crisis*, February, 1941.

The Ten Most Significant Events Religiously of 1940

Howard J. Conn

1. *The discussion of the Taylor appointment* . . . [which] seemed to many people to be violating the American tradition of tolerance of all religious groups but of official recognition to none. . . . It served to make clear that while Catholics and Protestants work together harmoniously for inter-faith comity and good will there are nevertheless fundamental differences between their views of church and state relations.

2. *The organization of help for refugees*. . . . We have begun to minister to our suffering brothers of other nationalities, and to sense the wider fellowship of the ecumenical church. . . .

3. *The first telecast sermon*. On Easter Sunday morning Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Council, stood in a studio at Radio City and delivered the first sermon to be telecast. . . .

4. *The foreign missions convocation*. On March 16 a luncheon was held by the Foreign Missions Conference with an impressive program broadcast. . . . It was significant for the emphasis on the need of foreign missions in the modern world, for its recognition of the part religion must play in the world order, and for its reminder that the mission boards do work together for a united program despite many of the divisions that separate the home churches which support them.

5. *The fall of France*. There is scarcely an aspect of living not altered by this event. . . . It cannot be said with scientific certainty that lack of spiritual interest was either prevalent in France or a cause of its fall. But we can note that out of a population of forty million people . . . twenty-six million had had no religious affiliations, and were either indifferent or actually hostile to the churches. It is certain, at any rate, that Christianity in the world is facing a growing paganism, which means a society without real foundations.

6. *The Pulitzer prize awards*. With John Steinbeck winning the award for fiction with his *Grapes of Wrath*, and William Saroyan receiving the prize in drama for *The Time of Your Life*, attention was directed to literature with a social conscience. . . .

7. *The trend to denominational unity*. Church groups are constantly drawing together in closer co-operation. . . .

8. *The Supreme Court decision in the flag salute case* . . . that compulsory flag saluting is constitutional, and that children may be barred from public schools for refusing to comply with this ritual. The decision raises the whole question of religious liberty in a democracy, for the people affected by it are the Jehovah's Witnesses who take their religion seriously and believe that the flag salute is a violation of the second commandment. . . .

9. *The Union Seminary students and peacetime conscription*. . . . Christian democracy in this country is now faced with a situation in which men are in prison for following seriously the teachings of Jesus and for putting into practice the challenge of numberless sermons of the past 25 years.

10. *Reorganization of the Japanese Christian Church*. The basic conflict between the spirit of nationalism and the spirit of Christian missions which has been sensed for some time was given sharper outline by two incidents in the mission field. Four Methodist missionaries were sent home from India because they dared write a statement to the Viceroy protesting the coercion of India people into the war, and affirming their sympathy with the nationalist congress of India. Even more significant is the compulsory organization of all the Christian bodies in Japan into "a new and truly Japanese Christianity" with a single organization. Foreign financial aid and foreign administration are to be eliminated. This follows the striking pilgrimage of Bishop Abe to the great imperial shrine at Ise, and coincides with the commemoration of the twenty-six hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Japanese empire. It appears as an obvious effort to absorb Christianity into the nationalist religion of Shinto.

—Reprinted from *The Presbyterian Tribune*.

Africa, India, China . . .

In every mail the "Campus" receives news releases from any number of sources, most of which immediately are dropped into the waste basket. Occasionally we are able to use one that is of interest to students. And once in a while we find material for an editorial.

This week we received a release from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. We almost automatically consigned it to the waste basket, but a couple of strange names caught our eye, and we read it out of curiosity. That release set us thinking.

Wars may throw a pall over half the world, Hitler may stamp upon all religion, the Japanese may expel all foreigners connected with the Christian sects, but the missionary work of the Christian church goes on.

This release gave a list of posts all over the world that are open. Doctors are needed in Foochow, Fenchow, and Taiku, North China; Wai, India; Mount Silinda, Southern Rhodesia, and Dondi, Portuguese West Africa. Educators are needed in South Africa; Portuguese West Africa; and Madura and Ahmednagar, India. More are needed in Tarsus and Izmir, Turkey; and in Tientsin and Pao-tungfu, North China. Ordained young men are needed in Angola and Galangue, in Africa; in China, and in India. These posts call for trained men: doctors, teachers of mathematics and agriculture, social workers, as well as ministers and priests.

The church has its own way of fighting the dictators, and missionary work is one of these. The sword may be all-powerful in the realm of force, but a year of education brings far greater results than a year of service in the army.

—Editorial, *The Maine (University) Campus*.

Some Notes on Religion

Times of crisis create great opportunities for religious leaders as well as for dictators. Dictators may supply bread and circuses, a certain temporary guarantee against the awful fear of hunger and a flitting enjoyment of physical pleasure, but they seldom provide for the common defense of basic morality in the home or for the general welfare of a people's soul.

In times of spiritual distress like our own day many turn to the church for respite from the maelstrom of bewildering ideas beating down on all sides, perhaps from an underlying idea that they knew all along that in the teachings of the church were to be found the real and lasting values of human existence. Instead of "fair weather Christians," we get "stormy weather Christians."

This is why our Communist brothers call religion the opiate of the people. Religion, they say, is an escape from the real world to the drugged world of soothing philosophies. We would agree that religion is an escape; but would heartily maintain that it is a triumphant escape to the whole truth of life from the impoverished half-truth of mere physical existence.

It seems that in the final analysis of history, people have usually deserted the churchman for the dictator. Fear of hunger has more often than not overcome the desire for love and spiritual value. But this may not always be true.

Perhaps the persuasive power of a more vital church is once again beginning to be felt in our own day, as evidenced by the example here and there of the breaking away of that hard material shell which has so encased the souls of many—that shell which rendered men not simply incapable of practicing a spiritual life, but which made it utterly impossible for men to even understand the meaning of the church's message.

But it is indeed a somewhat rueful spectacle to witness the many "returns to religion" among our prominent leaders today, as they clap their hands and profess, with their little minds, to have discovered a new answer to their problems. As if the opportunity for a life with spiritual values included was not equally as evident during more peaceful times—and spiritual values eternal beyond the flux of one small life or the span of a century. . . .

—Editorial, *The Dynamo*, Mt. Union College.

"The church in America, in a pioneer economy, supplied a number of wants that might be termed social. Modern culture has changed this condition. In this change the church has lost its function as a commercial, political and social-leisure-time institution."

In these areas of social change, not necessarily related to American religious life and thinking, lie reasons for the decline of the open country and village church in the United States, according to an article by Dr. R. R. Martin, professor of sociology, appearing in the January-February number of *Sociology and Social Research*.

"The social function of the church has been taken over by commercialized leisure-time organizations as well as by the modern public school," Doctor Martin continues. "The commercial function has been taken over by powerful commercial organizations as an entirely new business pattern has developed. The political function has been taken over by well-organized political machines. Commercial concerns now are the dominant integrating institutions, and the church is of little consequence in determining the actual physical layout of the community."

Modern skyscraper churches, Doctor Martin points out, complete the cycle and restore the church, at least in a physical and spatial sense, to the old position of dominance enjoyed by the Jewish temple and the Catholic cathedrals. As yet, however, the skyscraper churches have not developed sufficiently to warrant a prediction of their success.

—*The Hamline (University) Oracle*.

AUSTIN, Tex., Feb. 10—Rep. Doyle Pevehouse today introduced a bill in the Texas house of representatives to classify as justifiable homicide the killings of "any instigator of Un-American activity within the state."

—United Press.

In 1940 there was a distinct drop in the death rate of American newspapers. Whereas 50 United States dailies folded in 1938, and 75 in 1939, the mortality of 1940 was only 39. Other facts: Europe's war and the Presidential campaign helped to bring a rise of almost 5 per cent in circulation. Advertising revenues also went up 3 per cent. The tendency of rival papers to combine went on unchecked: of the 39 that folded, ten disappeared by merger. Of the rest of the 39, 13 survived as weeklies. Most of the year's notable casualties were in the South: Memphis, Nashville, Richmond, Mobile, Montgomery became cities with one-newspaper management.

—*Time*, January 13, 1941.

Worship in Blackout

A Service for the Pre-Easter Period for the Recognition of Distressed Students and Refugees

Emily Parker visited the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois. After her visit the students voted to adopt a refugee child through the "Foster Parent Plan for War Children." To understand better the situation occurring in Europe and to identify themselves with it, the students also decided to serve a refugee supper and to have a service in blackout. The following service is published in the hope that other student groups will want to have such a supper and conduct a significant service. The description of the supper and the mechanical details of the service as worked out by the Illinois group will be found at the end of the service.

Dr. Paul Burt, the director of the Foundation, led the service. As the candles in the auditorium were being snuffed out, and the room was becoming gradually dark, the leader recounted the incident that is told by Sir Edward Gray in his *Memoirs*. After the vote to go into the war was taken in the House of Parliament, in August, 1914, Viscount Gray looked out of his office window and saw light after light going out. He remarked that the lights of Europe were going out, and that it would be a long time before they would be lit again. Dr. Burt carried on the thought that many other lights had gone out, and that an even more intense darkness had come upon the earth—a blackout far beyond anything that Sir Edward Gray imagined. In this service we are going to try to enter into fellowship with those who were forced to live in this darkness while they kept alive the light of the spirit.

At the conclusion of this introduction when all the lights are out, the hymn, "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," is played through. The leader of the singing then begins the first verse and the group joins in singing three verses of the hymn.

The General Leader: Let us pray:

Student Leader 1:

Light of the world! forever, ever shining;
There is no change in Thee;
True light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

(Horatius Bonar)

Student Leader 2:

Send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead us,
Oh, let them bring us to thy holy hill.

(Psalm 43: 3)

Student Leader 1:

All we like sheep have gone astray,
We have turned every one to his own way,
And thou hast laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

(Isaiah 53: 6)

Have mercy upon us, O God, according to thy loving-kindness,
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out our transgressions.

(Psalm 51: 1—adapted)

Student Leader 2:

Send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead us,
Oh, let them bring us to thy holy hill.

Student Leader 1:

Gather the nations from far and teach them to walk in thy paths.
Hasten the coming of the latter days,
When nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.

(Isaiah 2: 4—adapted)

Student Leader 2:

Send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead us,
Oh, let them bring us to thy holy hill.

Student Leader 1:

And it came to pass, as Jesus was praying in a certain place, that when he ceased, one of the disciples said unto him,

(Luke 11: 1)

Student Leader 2:

Lord, teach us to pray, even as John taught his disciples. When we pray, say: (in unison)

"Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

Hymn (Pianist plays through once): Methodist Hymnal, No. 520 (The song leader starts the singing and is joined by the group).

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me. Amen.

Student Leader 3:

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy Presence?
If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me,
And the light about me shall be night;
Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

(Psalm 139)

Student Leader 3:

The words of the Psalmist even now after 3,000 years are still helping people to realize the presence of God in the midst of darkness and despair. Still more familiar are the words of another Psalmist which we learned as children. They cannot but be burdened with new meaning to those who repeat them in darkness as we will now repeat them together:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

(Psalm 23)

The Lord is my Light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?

(Psalm 27: 1)

Violin Solo: "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen."

Student Leader 1:

I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

(John 8: 12)

Seeing it is God, that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

(2 Cor. 4: 6)

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

(Matt. 5: 14-16)

A new commandment write I unto you: the darkness is passing away and the true light already shineth. He that hateth his brother is in the darkness, and walketh in the darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because the darkness hath blinded his eyes. But he that loveth his brother abideth in the light.

(1 John 2: 8-10—English Revised Version)

Student Leader 1:

There is no light but love. This I have learned.
There is no other glory anywhere
But love has made it and has made it fair,
Love is the only sun that ever burned.

(Marguerite Wilkinson)

Student Leader 2:

What is Thy will for the people, God?
Thy will for the people, tell it me.
For war is swallowing up the sod
And still no help from Thee.
Thou who art mighty hast forgot;
Art Thou God or art Thou not?
When wilt Thou come to save the earth
Where death has conquered birth?

And the Lord God whispered and said to me,
"These things shall be, these things shall be,
Nor help shall come from the scarlet skies
Till the people rise!

Till the people rise, my arm is weak;
I cannot speak till the people speak;
When men are dumb, my voice is dumb—
I cannot come till my people come."

(Angela Morgan, "God Prays")

Hymn (Pianist plays through once): Methodist Hymnal, No. 256 (The group joins in the singing).

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:

Faith of our fathers, holy faith!

We will be true to thee till death. Amen.

Meditation (A talk to be founded on these three passages):

I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

(John 8: 12)

Ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

(Matt. 5: 14-16)

While it is still light, walk in the light, that ye may be children of the light.

(John 12: 36)

Prayer (A student prayer—or at least one composed for the occasion).

Hymn: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" (Pianist plays through as the dim light comes on in the back of the room).

Benediction

The supper may be composed of goulash, apples, and milk, and may be served on bare wooden tables. Two small candles may be placed in broken cups and saucers on each table and four small (7½ watt) blue lights in the brackets on either side of the room to furnish the light during the supper. The candles are put out for the service which is held in the same room with the group sitting around the tables.

If it is possible during the worship service, the outline of the cross should be formed high on the back wall or curtain. (This can be done by placing a small lavender light behind the cross in such a way as to brighten the lower part of the horizontal beam and to form a triangle above it on the curtain.) The cross is turned on as the candles are put out and remains on through the service until the Benediction.

The ushers use flashlights covered with blue paper to seat those people who come just for the service.

During the evening (after the service) an offering should be taken for one of the student relief funds. A full description of the agencies and the funds is found in the front part of the magazine.

Religion on the Campus

And Your Summer---Was It As Interesting?

"I saw more of life as it is lived at its various levels during the past summer than I ever had before, and I can't help but feel that I'm far more understanding of others because of the experience." . . . "You can't spend seven weeks doing what we were doing without learning some fundamental rules for working with other people." . . . "I made a great investment—one which may ultimately mean a delay in finishing my college work. But the Caravan work was of more practical value and spiritual value also than a year in school could possibly ever be." . . . "I will never be able to really evaluate this summer. People at home can't get over the way I've changed." . . . "The Caravan idea was a 'brainstorm'! It is serving to bind youth more closely to the Church and

give them a greater vision of the mission of the Church." . . . "Spiritually it was one of the best 'teachers' I have ever had." . . . "Even the difficulties and problems that presented themselves during the summer deepened my appreciation of what being a real Christian means." . . . "In one summer I learned more about people, their needs and how to help them than I had learned in nineteen years." . . . "I'll always be a better Christian because of that experience." . . . "One boy said he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for his Caravan experience this summer, and that's the way I feel about it. Nothing could take the place of it. I just wish I could express what I feel, but I can't." . . . "The greatest experience of my life, one that helped me more than anything else to

find myself and my God in a world of strife and chaos." . . . "Even now, after my work has been over for a number of weeks, I feel the same spirit and ideals urging me on as they did this summer." . . . "Seeing the opportunities, responsibilities and need in the Church has given me such a broad vision of what 'effective service' in His Church means that I have just about decided to prepare for full-time service in His Church." . . . "I think the best thing our Church has ever done for its young people is the Youth Caravan program." . . . "Use as many boys and girls as you possibly can in Caravans (provided they can qualify, of course) for it truly is an enriching and enlightening experience." . . . "Through such work you can feel your-

self growing in understanding of Christ's way." . . .

In such vein are the comments of those adventurous Methodist young people who took part in the first summer of Youth Caravan work. The foregoing are excerpts from their letters.

Youth Caravans, consisting of four students and one adult member each, will again be set up this summer in 90 annual conferences in 35 states. During July and August caravans will visit more than 1,000 communities.

Would you like to be a member? For information write: Student Department, Board of Education, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

Graduate Courses in Professional Student Leadership

The Department of Student Work of the Division of Educational Institutions of The Board of Education of The Methodist Church is offering two courses on a graduate basis next summer on two different campuses.

The Rev. Herman Beimfohr, Director of Wesley Foundations and Student Work of the Southern California-Arizona Conference of The Methodist Church, will offer a course titled "Leadership for Effective Student Christian Work" at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, July 21-August 30. This course will be offered by the School of Religion of Duke University, Durham, N. C. It will be offered in two terms, July 21-August 9, and August 11-30.

The other course will be offered by Dr. H. D. Bollinger, secretary of the Department of Student Work, at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., June 17-July 18. Since Dr. Bollinger cannot be present for the entire period of the Garrett course, special lectures will be offered by Dr. Paul Burt of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois, Edwin Espey of the Student Volunteer Movement, and Rollo May, author of the book, *Springs of Creative Living*.

These courses are designed to aid leaders of students to understand the student and the needs of students and to offer guidance in building creatively a religious program and an organization to meet these needs. The method of procedure will be through discussion, lectures, individual and group research, and the analysis of programs and materials.

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BMI HYMNAL. Edited by Broadcast Music, Inc. A hymnal symbolic of the universality of radio, including the most deeply loved devotional music of the Christian churches and also of the Jewish faith, of Catholic and Protestant, and of all denominations, also patriotic hymns and the best-known Negro spirituals. New York: Broadcast Music, Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue. 1940.

A Statement of Policy

By H. W. McPherson

Executive Secretary, Division of Educational Institutions,
The Board of Education

The name does not always explain the motive or policy of a magazine, even though it is "motive," so a word on that subject may not be out of place.

Understanding the student mind and seeking to be of greatest service to the student group, it is the policy of this magazine to give ample opportunity for fair consideration of all phases of truth on subjects that should be discussed in its columns. With much that appears the editor will agree, and with some things he no doubt will disagree. Not all published statements, therefore, should be charged to his account, although in the interest of fair play he may have given them space. Readers should keep this basic policy in mind always, but especially if they find anything with which they do not agree or that might even irritate them a bit.

Those who know present day students are conscious of the fact that their inquiring minds are seeking truth in whatever place or form it may be found. They are characteristically fearless in this and consequently will not long be satisfied with anything but frankness, and in so far as possible adequacy, of a given truth or situation. In all candor they say, "Give us the facts."

It is the policy of *motive* to be Christian, meaning in the best sense safe and sane, in its effort to help guide young people in their quest for truth which, in their thinking, implies the right to form their own opinions. The purpose of *motive*, as announced in the first issue, is "to feel the pulse, to understand the mind, and to interpret the spirit of students who seek a Christian way of living on the campus." In line with basic wisdom, those responsible for the new magazine are certain that this service can best be rendered to those with eyes wide open, and with a frankness that makes no attempt to conceal with half-truths.

This is not an apology, but we hope a fair statement of policy in connection with a student magazine which has been enthusiastically received and which promises to meet a long felt need among young people.

Calendar for Methodists

State and Regional Student Conferences

Iowa	Mt. Vernon	April 18-20
Oklahoma	Alva	April 18-19
Indiana-Illinois	Evanston, Ill.	April 25-27
Twin Cities (Minnesota)	St. Paul, Minn.	April 25-27
Ohio	Delaware	April 25-27
Missouri	Pin Oak Camp	April 25-27

Student Leadership Training Conferences

Lake Junaluska, N. C.—June 9-14
Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas—June 9-14
Epworth Forest (Leesburg), Indiana—June 16-21
San Anselmo, California—June 30-July 5

Lisle Fellowship

Lisle, New York—June 18-August 1

Second National Methodist Student Conference

University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois—December 29, 1941-January 2, 1942

Caravan Training Conferences

Lake Junaluska, North Carolina—June 14-21
Senatobia, Mississippi, Northwest Junior College—June 21-28
Berea, Ohio, Baldwin-Wallace College—June 28-July 5
Abilene, Texas, McMurry College—June 7-14
Sioux City, Iowa, Morningside College—June 14-21
San Francisco (vicinity)—July 5-12

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America's New Youth Movement

Philip F. Mayer

EMERGENCY conditions in Europe after the last war produced a youth movement which for a decade was the bulwark of freedom in a troubled continent. In youth-hostels throughout Germany students in the Republic mingled work and play to strengthen the physical and social life of a frail democracy.

Last summer America began to feel the pressure of a world emergency. The conscription act forced students to think of a larger cause than personal success. With resentment against the job of killing, youth has risen spontaneously to do something positive toward meeting the world's need.

Last fall a group of twelve young people in Philadelphia began to give week-ends to the task of defending democracy in a constructive rather than a destructive way. A community house found neighborly tasks that needed to be done, and it provided five small rooms for "camping." On Friday evenings the group gathers to cook its own supper and to help with the community house program. The members sleep on canvas cots, and on Saturday morning they spend a half hour in silence before going out to chop wood and paint kitchens. On Sundays they intensify their personal discipline.

Almost immediately this idea of "week-end work camps" has been taken up by young people in a dozen states. The groups are small, but under a variety of forms they express youth's own ideals for a devoutly responsible citizenship. Expenses are light so that the poorest people may participate.

On the spiritual side there is much Gandhian blood in the movement. The great Methodist missionary, E. Stanley Jones, introduced Gandhi's "ashrams" to America. An ashram is a house where people pool their resources and live an industrious, communal life in order to develop the religious discipline necessary for a program of service. Stanley Jones and many others have testified that the periods of silence and the sincere mutual criticism of an ashram have greatly increased their own spiritual depth and power.

Ashrams that have awakened India to a new life have been suggestive of a form of "service-fellowship" which is inspiring the American youth movement. Actual ashrams are being started in slums or on farms throughout America. People who cannot live in an ashram or leave home for a week-end are sharing in the movement by joining Saturday afternoon fellowships for the improvement of economic or racial conditions.

Of similar nature, also, are special vacation projects. Last Christmas a fellowship group of six walked one hundred and seventy miles from Lancaster to New York in order to publicize the need for sending food to the starving European democracies. In quiet times of meditation the group had come to feel that in the present period of cruel deeds nothing else was more important than to spend the holidays showing to the world that there are still those who have faith in the way of kindness and love.

I happen to have been with this rather ridiculous-looking group of individuals, each sandwiched between posters, who trudged across Pennsylvania with a little two-wheel cart. We passed out hand-bills, cooked our own meals, worked late making posters, and slept on pew mats. One very rainy day we arrived at dusk, particularly exhausted, at the door of a Methodist minister who had previously agreed to care for us. He now refused shelter. Disheartened, we went on in the rain and dark until we found a little meeting house with a warm coal stove where we dried our clothes and laid out our blankets on the floor. There was no water in the building but thoughtful people brought cocoa in two thermos bottles. It was a blessing, even more to our spirits than to our bodies, to be the recipients of such thrilling acts of kindness along the way.

The deep sincerity of these enterprises and the joy of pilgrim songs is cutting new character patterns, not only into the lives of individuals, but into the framework of democracy. Students are learning a lesson in simple living, and in accomplishing kindly missions with appropriate economy. As in Europe, so also in America there is every possibility that the light of this spirit will be crushed out. But youth is glad of this last chance, before chaos, to try to save the ideals which it has learned to cherish. It feels that there is no alternative; that it must live with stern but joyful devotion to love in the face of world confusion.

Pamphlets on Discipline

Much of the best recent material on self-discipline is found in pamphlets. The following are priceless for either individual or group study:

- Anonymous, *Training for the Life of the Spirit*. Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York. 1940. 20c.
- Clark, Glenn, *Silver Sandals*. Macalester Park Co., St. Paul, Minn. 15c.
- Gregg, Richard, *Training for Peace*. Lippincott. 1937. 25c.
- Herman, E., *The Ministry of Silence and Meditation*. Methodist Publishing House. 1940. 25c.
- Kelly, Thomas, *Holy Obedience*. Friends, 302 Arch St., Philadelphia. 1939. 10c.
- Lester, Muriel, *Training*. Methodist Publishing House. 1940. 10c.
- Lester, Muriel, *Ways of Praying*. Methodist Publishing House. 1938. 20c.
- Lester, Muriel, *Why Worship?* Methodist Publishing House. 1937. 25c.
- Steere, Douglas, *The Peace Team*. F. O. R., 2929 Broadway, New York. 1938. 5c.
- Steere, Douglas, *Community and Worship*. Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 1941. 10c.
- Young, Mildred, *Functional Poverty*. Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 1938. 15c.

Of these pamphlets Steere's *The Peace Team* has been of widest influence. Gregg is the most scientific, Clark is the best organizer, and Kelly is the most forceful. After Kelly's death in January, Muriel Lester said, "I had hoped he would be the one to lead the new movement. I cannot understand why he was taken, except that his mantle must fall upon us all."

Muriel Lester is, of course, the best known disciplinarian. Not a saint by nature, she has overcome the obstacles of wealth and an irritable disposition by obeying the inner light. Now the light has broken out.

Mildred Young is busy helping her husband on a South Carolina farm. The more ordinary their occupations become, the more extraordinary are their ideas and lives.

There are older pamphlets, such as *The Practice of the Presence of God*, and books by C. F. Andrews, Gandhi, Gerald Heard, Allan Hunter, Kagawa, Kirby Page and others. Won't you send in an annotated list of things you have found helpful, please? Also send in your questions on the Bible or other related subjects.

Discipline

"The army will discipline these young fellows so they'll know how to obey orders!"

That remark was the last straw. Our sophomore went to the dormitory and blurted to his roommate, "Everybody's talking about discipline—as though it were a magic formula for moving mountains, stopping Hitler, overcoming temptation, and becoming president of the

bank. What's it all about? I don't go for this army discipline stuff; and as for religious discipline, if somebody doesn't crack open that idea, I'm going nuts."

"Yeah," was the thoughtful reply, "they say the future belongs to the best disciplined people—but if you ask me, that means more SELF-discipline than the veterans got. Things are in a bad way, though. When they stop fighting in Europe how will we get jobs over here? Tough times, I'll say! We gotta be tough men—trained, that's all I know."

Some students in New York have been disciplining themselves for tough days ahead. They have gone to live in a slum area of the city and are sleeping in a three-decker double-bed that they made themselves. The outfit looks like a brooder for chickens. They've also cut expenses on food. Tea, coffee, and tobacco are largely taboo, several of the men are vegetarians, and some won't eat cake "while there are children in the world who have no bread."

"We have a half-hour of silence together every morning," said one of them. "It clears a person's mind and makes one realize that the whole universe is trying to express its desire for harmony through everything a person does. Little, selfish desires are ruled out when one gets a feel of the really big things—and faint, unnoticed impressions of duty become strict orders. We're silent again before going to bed, and then we read something, often the Bible."

Problems of the New Youth Movement

In many college towns there seem to be no suitable centers for developing a corporate life even for a week-end. Usually, however, there is a church that needs renovating, a pastor that needs help, and a congregation that is earnestly seeking to be of service. Arrangements may be made to use the church building as a center and thus strengthen a functioning organization. Of course help will not be accepted on the basis of any new-fangled ideas or labels. Youth's ideals should not be so conspicuous that they confuse and hinder the paths of simple friendship.

Pew cushions placed on the floor, or gymnasium mats may be available for beds. It is better to heat the room somewhat than to fuss with too many covers. A roll of blankets and a suitcase ought to be enough for anybody to carry. If cooking facilities are not available the food committee should supply such things as bread, milk, dried fruit, raw vegetables, peanut-butter and cheese. It is wise to be strict in eliminating luxuries. The money for pies, cakes, and tobacco could better go into service, and the omission will strengthen the spirit of sincerity.

A schedule of hours for sleeping, for meals, for periods of silence, of play, of conference, and of work should be agreed upon and enforced. Some of the excellent pamphlet material on Discipline, listed on page 55, would provide helpful study material. A variety of age, race, sex, and religion is good, but sincerity is more essential.

As to work projects: college groups feel the need for physical labor. Painting or varnishing in the church, leveling a playground, helping in the homes and gardens of the church members are possibilities. There is danger, however, of insisting too much upon recreative physical labor and neglecting the services for which the members of the group have a vocation and training. What a boon it would be to many homes if there were a Saturday nursery for babies, and an all-day play program for the older children so that the mothers might attend classes on parent education, home brightening, and cooking. Such a "church school" with a two-day program, would become a significant part of the community life.

What is done, or whether in the country or the city, is not so important as is the spirit in which it is done. If the group has tuned itself to let Love work out its purposes through their hands and hearts there will be real achievements.

A special Easter vacation program of service and discipline for students, on a national basis, is being set up. Those interested should communicate with the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York City. The writer of this article would be glad to assist any group with its problems. Send in your questions or feel free to ask for personal help.

Five Young American Poets

(Continued from page 20)

The rewarded porters opening their smiles,
Grapes with a card, and the climate changing
From the sun of bathers to the ice of skis
Cannot hide it—journeys are journeys.

And, arrived or leaving, "Where am I going?"
All the travelers have wept; "is it once again only
The county I laughed at and nobody else?
The passage of a cell between two cells?"

No, the ends are hardly indifferent, the shadow
Falls from our beaches to the shivering flocks,
The faces fail while we watch, and darkness
Sucks from the traveler his crazy kiss.

The tears are forming; and the leaver falls
Down tracks no wheel retraces, by the signs
Whose names name nothing, mean: Turn where
you may,
You travel by the world's one way.

And the tears fall. What we leave we leave forever:

Time has no travelers. And journeys end in

No destinations we meant. And the strangers
Of all the future turn their helpless gaze

Past the travelers who cannot understand
That they have come back to tomorrow's city,
And wander all night through the unbuilt houses
And take from strangers their unmeant kisses.

Unless we are expert in reading modern poetry, we find it necessary to paraphrase this most carefully in order to make sense of it. In the first stanza we are obviously confronted with partial but suggestive details of train travel—porters, parting gifts, indications of change of scenery. But these, Jarrell says, are only the accidents of the journey: its real character lies in the fact that we never can return to the place which once we leave; and that we never know, really, where we are going. By this time we see that travel itself is a symbol for the poet; we are the travelers, we living men, and life (or time if you wish) is the irreplaceable journey. As travelers we can-

not be unconcerned; in panic we wonder where we are going; we weep, we are lonely, we see the people we looked upon as friends rushed away into darkness; we can never turn back, for "the world's one way" is forward. We cannot take vacation trips in time, and return to our point of departure when we will; we go forward, thinking perhaps we know where we will end, but even that is an illusion. Journeys end in no destinations we meant: just as the fly in the moving train compartment takes off from one wall in Chicago and lands on the opposite wall in Evanston, thinking he knows where he has gone. But meanwhile the world has changed; and our friends too are travelers, and their directions are not ours, so that if we ever know them in one moment, they begin to be strangers in the next. If we return to a place we have left, to people we have known, we travel in fact to a city that is now, for us, unreal—therefore new, therefore unbuilt;

and the recognitions we enforce from our friends come really from strangers, who would not mean their recognitions, their kisses, if they realized that we too had become strangers.

Now, the experience behind this poem is a human one; we recognize the basic feeling, though thereafter the poem goes far beyond our own perceptions. What takes it beyond is the sense of analogy, the sense of figure, which the poet possesses: we are acquainted with the life-is-a-journey figure, but recognizing it does not immediately prepare us for the unmeaning kisses of strangers—for the signs whose names name nothing. There are phrases which I still do not understand, after many readings: "is it once again only / The county I laughed at and nobody else?" But on the whole I think I understand the poem now; and I like it. The fact that I had difficulty in understanding does not finally destroy my pleasure: *and I suggest that no reader abandon too early the search for meaning in modern poetry, feeling that too much analysis destroys the poetry's magic. That magic comes from simultaneous apprehension of beauties of rhythm, sound and meaning; the reader, if he is honest with himself, will admit that it can throw an enchantment over the thirtieth reading of a poem which had engendered, on the twenty-nine previous readings, only a lessening misunderstanding and dislike.*

The obverse side of this coin is, of course, that thirty, sixty, or a hundred readings of the poem may produce no ray of light; and that is a risk the modern poet takes. Presumably he writes for "fit audience, though few"; he feels that the extension of meaning he gains makes up for the more and more readers he drops along the way. We have heard too many words, considered too many ideas; we are apathetic. The poet, to make us aware, must literally crack the shells off words, and make us consider ideas from new angles. An approach which supplies one of us with a genuinely new perspective may make a dozen others throw up their hands in defeat; the poet must frequently make his choice between originality and generality of communication. It is not for us to be offended if we are among those who, finally, cannot understand. The poet's choice is not easy, and we must feel no more rancor toward him than he should feel toward us for saying at length that we cannot, or do not care to, go further with him. Each of us has his own motives, his own needs, his own limitations: and modern poetry aims at areas of understanding which earlier poetry refused to, or did not need to, attack. As a result, the old formal, fictive relationship between writer and au-

dience is gone; and the articulate poet would not dream of saying that he wrote for the whole literate world.

Yet poetry is still communication: if Mr. O'Donnell, say, wishes to "project . . . the total quality of a recognizably human experience," he does indicate a wish to communicate, and he must take reasonable care not to abandon the paths which an ordinarily sensitive, intelligent and educated mind (I realize, of course, the weakness of my position here: closer definition is necessary, and is at the same time impossible) can follow. The poet must take care to use symbols which have a more than personal meaning; if he thinks of wisteria in connection with death, he must not assume that his reader does so too. He may, however, assume that the reader is prepared to understand Donne's symbol for death—the bone; if to him that symbol has become meaningless through overuse, he must educate his reader to the understanding of the wisteria symbol—a thing which he is very well able to do, and which Donne himself had once to do. Symbols are at once the seed and the fruit of poetry; the logic of their growth must be apparent. The poet who allows his logic to be seen, however knotty it may be, cannot be criticized severely; he may be criticized if he forces the reader to guess—does not give him enough information for understanding.

The question is a vexed one, and can hardly be settled here. For one thing, the public symbol and the private symbol are not mutually exclusive, since (as often with Pound) the poet's omnivorous reading may produce a reference which not one man in five hundred will understand, and which strictly speaking is yet understandable. When Mr. Jarrell, in *THE SEE-ER OF CITIES*, says "Time has (my Lord!) new senses for old saws," the agile reader senses the paraphrase of the line in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*; but since the trick is so nearly unseen, who knows how many similar tricks are actually unseen? And whose fault is it?

In most cases it seems to me clear enough what symbols the reader may be expected to comprehend. Take O'Donnell's *ROSS IN THE GARDEN*:

Ross waited under the still trees;
Shadow lay dead across his knees.
Europe was half a world away
From that burnt September day,
But fortress, city, armed frontier
Were near as now and close as here;
For all the bright abstract terrain
Was vivified in Ross's brain
And he, the modern Hercules,
Supported Europe on his knees
Where the colored map was spread.

In the still trees above his head,
Crouched upon a lower limb,
A panther lay regarding him;
Piston thigh and razor tooth
Concentrated on his youth.
Between the panther and the map,
Ross waited in a balanced trap.
The panther, watching from the shade,
Tightened for his leap, delayed,
And poised with muscles taut, intent
Upon the passionless descent.

The panther and the map cause us little difficulty; and we admire the poem, both for its precision of expression and for its beauty of sound. The same beauty of sound, perhaps the same precision of expression, carries over into other poems of O'Donnell's which I frankly cannot understand: the first stanza of *COMMENCEMENT ORATION*, for example, promises me almost no meaning, and the remaining eight stanzas fulfill that promise, though they are so obviously carefully contrived that my admission of failure to understand makes me feel a little like the idiot child. Still—

At best I have
Only a cage of instances that writhe
And intertwine, fanged and venomous.

What, I ask myself, could that possibly mean?

It is best to admit such defeats, I think. I am a sincere enough admirer of Mr. O'Donnell's to say that his last poem, for example, *ELEGY FOR TIME*, seems to me magnificent; that I understand only about a third of it so far; that there are parts of it which I'm pretty sure I'll never be able to understand; and that none the less the effort to appreciate cannot possibly be wasted, since I've got so much pleasure from the poem already. The reader himself is often the only judge of whether effort spent in reading is likely to be, or is likely not to be, rewarded: I shall suggest here only that that reader (granting the sincerity of the modern poet) is I think under an obligation to be attentive, even-tempered and persevering in his attempts to understand. If he does not understand, the fault may be with the poet, or it may be with him; he must not automatically construe his own lack of time or lack of patience as the poet's failure to communicate.

Having been thus scrupulous, I hope I shall not now confuse the reader hopelessly if I retrace my steps and say that all the poets in the volume, in my opinion, do fail in some degree because they stumble with more or less readiness into the pitfall of private symbolism. Even Miss Barnard, whose work interests me least, shows up her womanish thoughts with a curiously difficult word choice. John Berryman, who can produce some of the most interesting line movements to be found in the volume, who can be

as direct as in *THE CURSE*, as impressive (though difficult) as in *THE RETURN*, can produce the pure gibberish of *CEREMONY AND VISION*. Of Jarrell and O'Donnell I have already spoken; Moses, lest he be found too easy, produces an occasional crabbed specimen like *OLD TRITON'S WREATHED HORN*.

Yet in the end Moses, whose work I have hardly mentioned, comes off perhaps best of the lot. His early work, particularly, contains many irritating devices; he indulges in continual ellipsis, coins bad words like "somewhence," inverts, deliberately introduces occasional jingly rhymes to destroy the poetic tone, compounds words (pike-tooth-gashed, in-shrunk, owned-by-memory man), and in general attempts to make the individual word and its syntactical place in the sentence do penance for language's Original Sin. Yet because he twists the word and not the symbol, Moses seems, of all the poets, most natural, simplest, most able to project human experience in terms of what he himself has known. I have heard it said that he is seeking to adapt new material to the uses of poetry. If this is true, I do not think his poems show it particularly; they show rather that he has a real freshness of vision, a real aptitude for the perceiving of analogies, for the erecting of symbols, to which most of us would be blind. *THE BLUE-JAY AND THE LINDEN TREE* and *GRACKLES* show two perceptions of human nature, conceived truly, yet in the full flow of the poetic imagination, and expressed through arresting yet quickly understood contrasts; and in poem after poem—any one of which would be good to quote—Moses displays an increasingly firm and rooted poetic sense which will seldom again, I think, mistake either its methods or its materials. Read *FIRE*:

The night when, out of idleness,
We climbed a lane in snow and mud
To watch a flimsy shack burning
Defeat the fire department's hose,

We saw the scabrous resident
Uselessly close beside the fire
Cursing who tried to pull him back,
And, suddenly sickened, pitied him.

There was no permanent catharsis
Out of some pity and some fear,
For in crude, bad experience
I find that man, now, a crude symbol,

The fire a symbol, fitted well
As any others for the need
Of mind that knows by pictures chiefly
Confronted with the world aflame,

And writhing with ten thousand kinds
Of hell-directed forcefulness
To which well-wishers, brands themselves,
Get close, to wish it in control:

Symbols, for mind's necessity
In thinking of all little men
Who curse beside the burning world
And cannot feel catharsis come.

This is the skill Frost has, of seeing the deepest truths of the human soul uncovered in the chance and logicless actions of men; and I think the skill is that of the true poet. At times (as in *ANGINA PECTORIS*) Moses even sounds like Frost:

... But now that I see him neutral earth, to bury
In earth, for damp, or a pale, poetic swarm
Of worms to end, I'm sorry; I wish him what
I'd not wish other mud: that he ate tonight
With children he loved, that the meal was heavy
and right,
That he slept with plenty of quilts to keep him
warm.

But even as I make the comparison it shows itself meaningless and irritating, and I hasten to drop it. Frost, for one thing, has so far as I know never attempted to handle rhythms as treacherously poised and balanced as these from Moses' *WIND IN THE NIGHT*:

... Firm planes, earth or concrete, are good
for men
To walk on, but straightway who looked at a
river and tried
To walk upon it toward glittering rays would
slip,
And be deep in the flowing before he finished
his slide;

And be flowed over by dark, thin water that
would
Give way, but push hard, and none of him would
be
Not touched and shoved and covered by moving
dark,
Wherefore he would have to swim, or drown
quickly. . . .

And while some of the other poets in the anthology can handle rhythm almost as neatly and originally, there is no one of them less pretentious, more genuine, more capable of producing the new in terms of the homely and the close at hand than Mr. Moses. He needs to subside a little syntactically; but he may be trusted, I think, to prove his right to his independence.

Of the others, in the end, I am not so perfectly confident. Technically very competent, in idea often exciting, they are too often cold; their intellectual passions give us the uncomfortable feeling that their very strength may be danger-

ous: that they are quite possibly monstrous beneath their traditional garb. We must not, however, neglect to read them; to quote a line from Jarrell, "It's bad music, but it's what we hear. . . ." And I'm not at all sure, even, that it's bad music. But whatever it is, it is a part of our intellectual climate. And since that is true, we are under obligation, as intelligent human beings, to familiarize ourselves with it.

An F. O. R. Summer Service Camp

Location: A camp for Negroes at Clinton, Mississippi, fifteen miles from Jackson, a part of a 164-acre farm owned by the Mississippi State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs.

The Need: To build sleeping shacks and to drain the artificial woodsy lake.

The Situation: At present the only equipment on the camp is a screened frame hall with a kitchen attached. There is no other camp nor park for Negroes in Mississippi. Formerly there was an elementary school on the farm operated by the American Missionary Association. When the School outgrew its needs, the Federation of Colored Women's Clubs bought it and converted it into a home for juvenile delinquents. Ever since the building burned, the women have been striving to raise sufficient funds to rebuild. The state now promises to establish a home for delinquent Negro children and the women have decided that healthy camp recreation is more constructive anyhow in the prevention of crime. Most Negroes in Mississippi have lacked the means of taking part in sports and consequently have not learned to enjoy them.

Discussions: Interracial understanding and co-operation; the value of identification with the dispossessed; rural community problems in the South; the relationship of recreation to crime prevention.

Time: Seven weeks. June 25-August 13.

Personnel: 12 to 15 men and women, Negro and white. A couple as camp directors, and a technical supervisor.

Expenses: Lodgings will be furnished by the Federation of Colored Women's Clubs. Other expenses will be on a co-operative basis. A simple, wholesome diet will cost little. Forum leaders, speakers, and directors will bring the expense up to about fifty dollars per person for the seven weeks.

If you are interested, write to Constance Rumbough, Southern Secretary, F. O. R., 2210 Highland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Contributors

Along with the articles which they wrote occurs a brief account of the lives and experiences of Walter Gruen and Barbara Gerstenberg. Both are permanent additions to future America. We are grateful to Georgia Harkness for reading a statement by a refugee student at the Naperville Conference. Several students remembered it, and we wrote immediately to Miss Harkness to find out about the person who made it. Barbara Gerstenberg was that person. . . . Marjorie Coleman Baker knows whereof she speaks. Her experience in New York City in social work gives her the right to write as one with authority. . . . Robert Bilheimer has appeared in two numbers of *motive*. He was responsible for the source material for the article on the Yale Boys and Garbage in the last issue. He now holds the office of Administrative Secretary of the World Student Service Fund. The amusing part about his contributions is that we selected each of them because we liked them and then discovered that a man named Bilheimer was responsible. . . . John F. Matthews is our most regular contributor on the Student Editorial Board. His *Today Is No Illusion* comes out of Cincinnati where he sometimes goes to school but more often than not discusses the world, the flesh and the devil with selected pals of like and unlike minds. . . . One of the chief pleasures of an editor's job and a joy in growing older is the relationship one has to friends. Kenneth Irving Brown (The College in Defense Time) and the editor once tried to diagnose what was wrong with religion at Harvard. Our results appeared later in the old *Outlook*. Since that time Kenneth Brown has published many articles and two books. Now as President of Denison University at Granville, Ohio, he is editing a little monthly leaflet at Denison. We are hoping to publish other contributions from him appearing in this delightful bulletin. . . . Rockwell Kent is one of the "free spirits" of America. His *This Is My Own* seemed so good that we decided to use it for *Philosophy for Men-Alive* feature. We wrote to the publishers asking for permission. Publishers want to sell books. Here is one that young people ought to read. What is more, here is one artist writing as a citizen of a democracy. What he has to say is not to be missed. Kent is president of the CIO unit of the United American Artists. . . . In the process of collecting material for his book *How to Make Good in College*, Randall Hamrick collected more than four hundred slang words used by college students. Rex Naylor, feature editor of the West Virginia Wesleyan *Pharos*, has culled some choice words, annotating them for us. . . . Edward Weismiller (Five Young American Poets), Cornell College graduate, Rhodes Scholar and author of the Yale younger poets series volume, *The Deer Come Down*, was compelled to come back to America from Oxford at the beginning of the war. He is now at Harvard where he divides his time studying, teaching, and writing. His poems have appeared in the chief literary journals of the country. . . . J. Olcott Sanders' department on *Recreation* has been lifted into the feature section this month. The interest in folk materials of all kinds is one of the unique signs of the times. Olcott writes for us *on the road*. He is a field secretary for the American Friends Service Committee. . . . Robert A. Davis (Dust Bowl) has just sent us an interesting account of the Negro Art Center in Chicago where he is actively engaged in making the project a success. We are enthusiastic about the idea as a step toward real racial understanding. . . . Richard T. Baker (*Flight to the West*) was responsible for the write-up on *Fantasia* in the February issue. His new book, *The Seed and the Soil*, is to be published May 1. Watch the May issue! . . . Malcolm Slack Pitt (*Toward Freedom*), Dean of the Kennedy School of Missions of the Hartford Seminary Foundation, spent ten years in India. He has promised us an article on Indian music. . . . Philip Mayer is now back in Ohio after having participated in the Feed-the-starving-in-Europe-march on New York City. . . . We are happy to announce that Harris Franklin Rall will contribute another installment of *Words and Their Ways* in May. . . . Dr. Paul Burt was kind enough to send us the story and the source material for the *Worship in Blackout* service at the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois. . . . In making our plans for the first number of *motive* we had planned to have Dr. H. W. McPherson, Executive Secretary of the Division of Educational Institutions of the Board of Education, make a statement about the magazine. As our "chief" he is in a real sense the god-father of the magazine. Now in that capacity he writes to tell us something of his hopes for the child. . . . The first *motive* poll is revealing. We are hoping to conduct several polls next year. . . . Our increasing gratitude to Dave Crandell (who has, by the way, just made his eighth appearance on the Screen Guild with Olivia de Havilland and was also on with Bette Davis a short while ago); to Margaret Frakes (whose Independent Filmcores is being used increasingly by magazines); to Raymond P. Morris who is again represented by two book reviews; to Herman Will, Jr., who furnishes the material for the Peace-action Page; to Randall Hamrick (who reports that his book is being adopted in quite a number of colleges); to Gerald Fiedler; to Robert Hamill who writes *The Skeptics' Corner* and has also contributed a book review; and to Anna Brochhausen who makes the Almanac possible. . . . And before we sign off, we cannot resist pointing out what will be obvious to any graduate of Cornell College in Iowa. Richard Baker, Marjorie Coleman Baker, Edward Weismiller and the assistant to the editor all happen to be graduates. Happen? Perhaps their flare for writing was fanned by Professor Clyde Tull—at least they are all devoted followers. A man of letters, a poet and a journalist—and all of top rank—are not bad for one college generation.

The Shape of Things to Come

Our face—in fact our entire head—is red! We are sorry! We promised a sermon by Dean Faulkner, a *Parents' Column*, a feature, *What to Do on a Date*, and a *Doctor's Column*. We increased the paper this month to fifty-eight pages—our largest number—and we still have galleys of print left over. For May we do promise the Faulkner sermon, *What to Do on a Date*—and something in the *Parents' Column*. . . . But this is only the beginning. We are planning to devote the main articles to the tension areas of college life, and we have asked Grace Sloan Overton, who needs no introduction to students, to write on these problem areas from her point of view as a traveling reporter. Professor Harold Hutson of Birmingham-Southern will discuss the subject from the faculty-advisor vantage point, and Harvey Brown of the Student Department from the point of view of a national student secretary. In addition we shall have the contributions of several students as they see the problem. We are hoping to introduce one or two surprises in the way of scientific surveys just to back up opinions!

We have had to postpone the survey on the students' knowledge of religious terminology. Miron Morrill of Hamline University, promises it for May.

I Believe in God, one of the most effective dramatic worship services from the Denton, Texas, Wesley Foundation group, will be published in its entirety. We are planning to publish a series of these services. More next year!

Kathryn Blood of the *Institute for Consumer Education* of Stephens College writes that she will have another article on student finance.

Actual letters written by two boys—one in prison as a conscientious objector, and the other planning to enter military service—is the scoop of the month. The basis for the discussion is laid this month in the article entitled *Dialogue*.

Murray Dickson, back from South America, will give us his reactions to the Christian Youth Conference at Lima, Peru.

We shall have a review of Richard Baker's book, *The Seed and the Soil*. We venture to suggest that it will be a "book-of-the-year" for students interested in a world Christian Community.

We have copy set up for a department to be called *Ob Yeah? Yeah!* which will give instances of student activities that are almost unbelievable. A Methodist boy who might have been a movie star and some items from the University of Texas will be featured.

Dorothy McConnell (of the famous family), one of the editors of *World Outlook*, is due for an article on China and what is happening there to some of the church schools.

All this—and more! Our regular departments, drama, music, movies, books, leisure, radio and television, peace-action, co-operatives, vocations, the Skeptics' Corner and community service. . . .

The May issue will be our last one for this year. We shall tell you next month some of the things we are planning for next year. Perhaps you have some suggestions. Won't you let us have them? Our student editorial board has been on the job. They have bombarded us with letters telling us what they like and what they dislike. We hope to be wiser for their advice, and we'll feel foolish if we aren't, for the advice was excellent.